

Acumen
Tyler Daniels '17
Poetry

brush away the dust
that gathers in my bones,

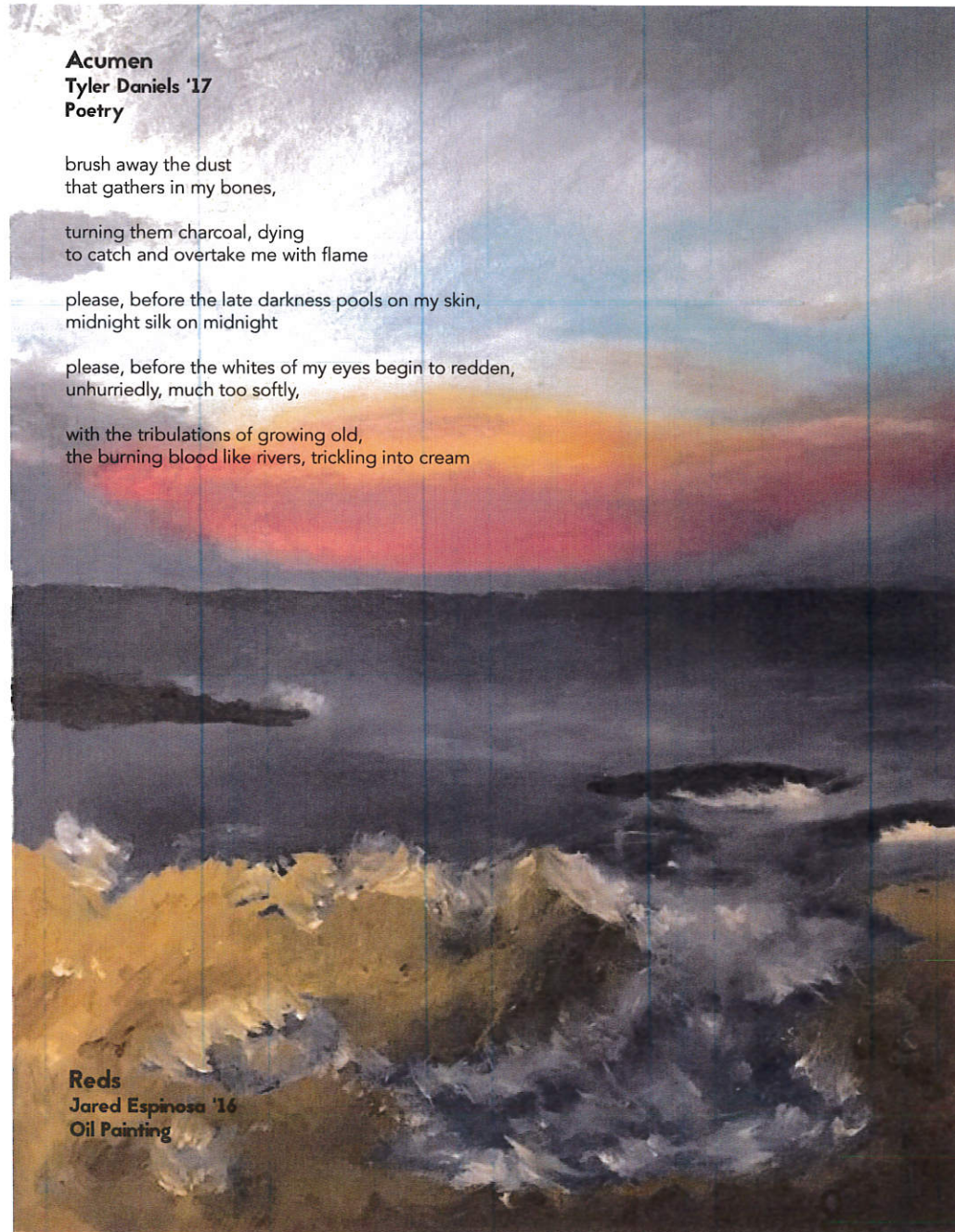
turning them charcoal, dying
to catch and overtake me with flame

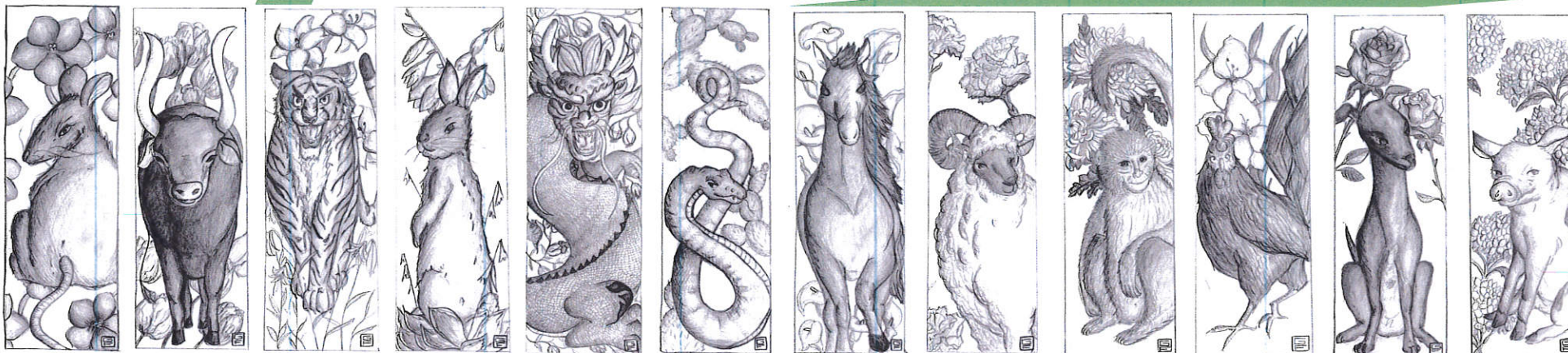
please, before the late darkness pools on my skin,
midnight silk on midnight

please, before the whites of my eyes begin to redden,
unhurriedly, much too softly,

with the tribulations of growing old,
the burning blood like rivers, trickling into cream

Reds
Jared Espinosa '16
Oil Painting





文房四宝

山凝眸望我
 山洞，她的砚
 飞鸟，她的笔
 河川，她的墨
 而我，她的纸 她把她的名字雕刻在我的魂上 把碎片掖到口袋
 的里边 她确保每一碎片不丢失 因为风

Wénfāngsibao

Shān níngmóu wàng wo
 shāndòng, tā de yàn
 fēiniǎo, tā de bǐ
 héchuān, tā de mò
 ér wo, tā de zhǐ
 tā ba tā de míngzì diāokè zài wo de hún shàng
 ba suǐpiàn yē dào koudài de libian
 tā quèbào měi yī suǐpiàn bù diūshī yīnwèi fēng

Sheng Xiao
 Greta Fieweger '17
 Graphite Drawing

The Four Treasures of the Study

Culture Note: The Chinese refer to the inkstone, the brush, the ink and the canvas collectively as the Four Treasures of the Study as these are the four things necessary for writing calligraphy.

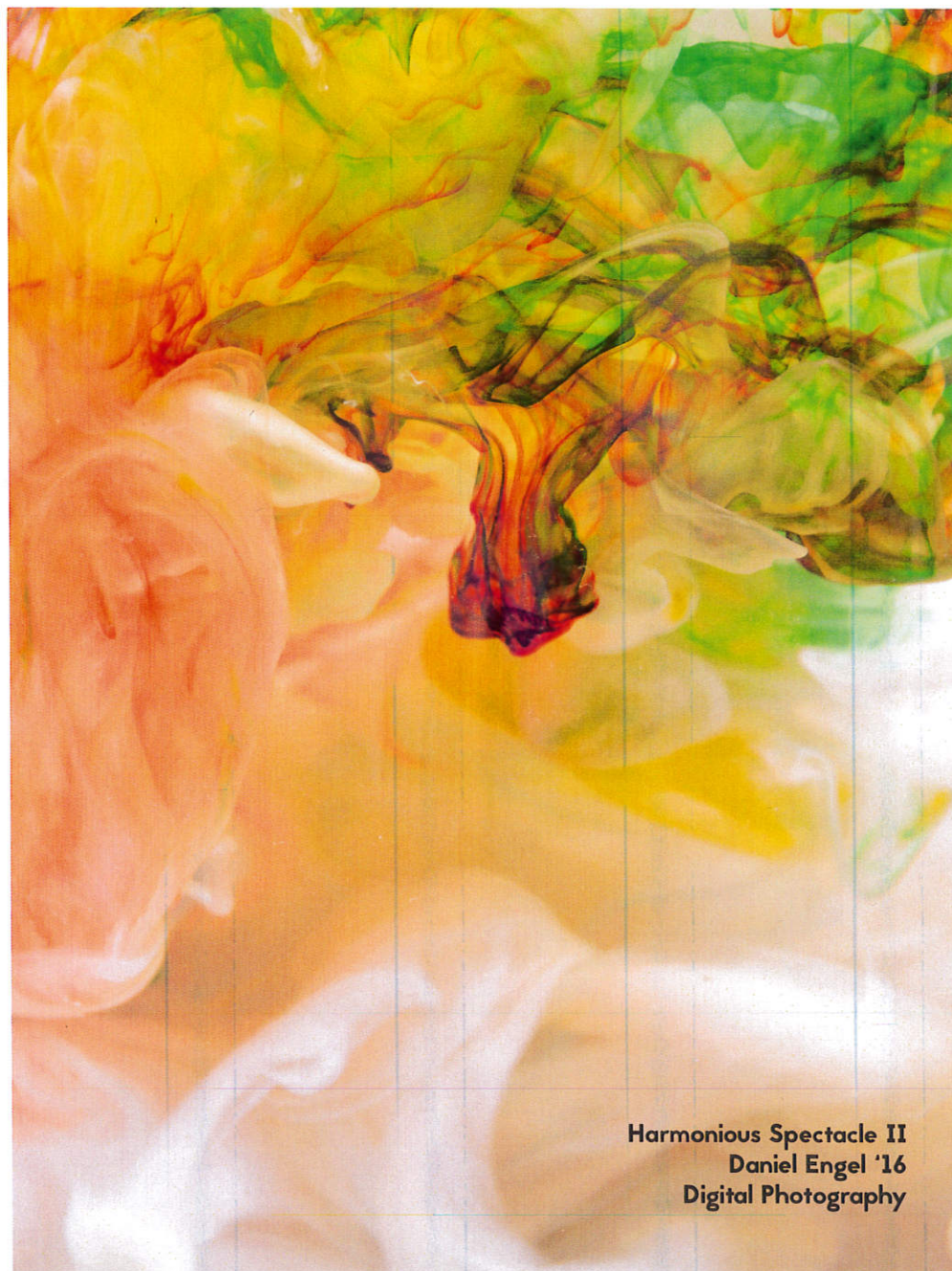
The mountain gazes into me
 The cave, her inkstone
 The bird, her brush
 The river, her ink
 And I, her canvas -
 She etches her name onto my soul
 Tucking the shards safely into her pocket
 She makes sure not a single one is lost to the wind

The Four Treasures of
 the Study
 Greta Rauch '17
 Poetry



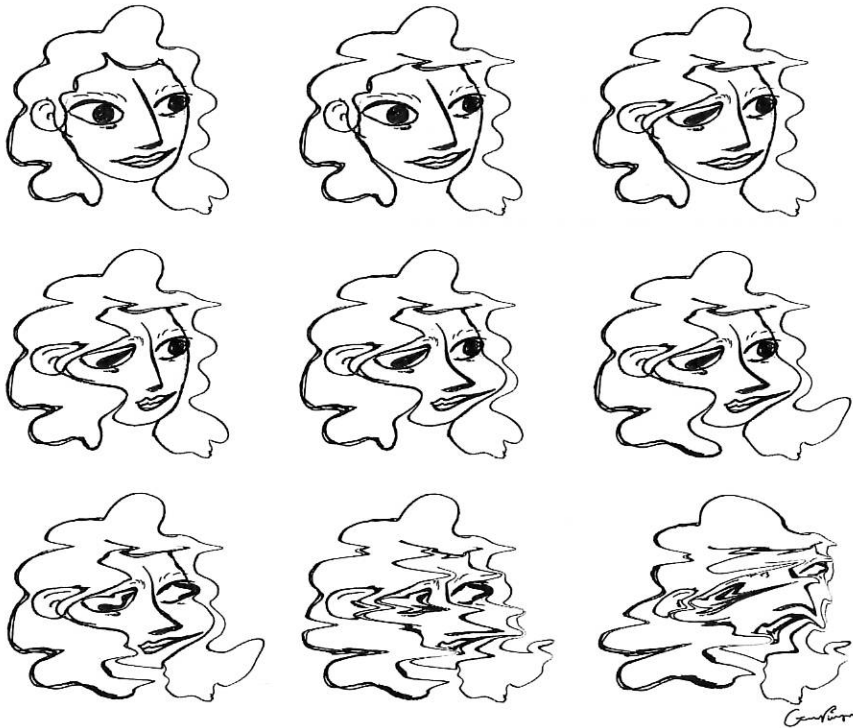
Harmonious Spectacle I
Daniel Engel '16
Digital Photography

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Harmonious Spectacle II
Daniel Engel '16
Digital Photography

5



Tic-tac-toe
 Across the road
 Mumbled speech and muttered breaths
 Beneath your soggy toes
 As you crunch your way through cinnamon toast
 And Grandma's Sunday roast
 What are you doing?
 What's changed?
 I hardly expect you to know.
 If you did you wouldn't understand these words
 This mumbo jumbo, a foreign language
 Originating from an invisible world
 A hodgepodge of nouns and verbs
 With an overindulgent amount of adjectives
 What exactly is an adverb?
 What does it mean to "make sense"
 Or did I mean cents?
 If I knew I'd tell you
 Possibly

Plausibly
 Probably
 Not.
 I like genetics
 The screws and nails
 Anatomy
 Biology
 Scientology
 Oops, I did it again
 I mixed around in my blender too long.
 I'd like my IQ on the side please,
 Pour a little knowledge on my brains
 I like it crispy, not burnt
 Fried like a Twinkie,
 Or maybe green tomatoes.
 I'd ask if that's a thing
 But I don't want to make this a scene.
 I like nonsense and cardboard.
 They're flexible and bendable

Wind
Greta Fieweger '17
Drawing

And they fall apart beneath water
 Underneath the faucet
 Goose neck
 No duck's necks
 I like ducklings,
 But only if they're ugly
 And only because it'll become a swan,
 Because no one wants and ugly duckling That
 grows into an ugly duck.
 Where's the fun in that?
 Then it's just a sad old man
 With an ugly mane
 Of bitterness and black coffee.
 Triple the sugar, but negate the cream
 I want ivory
 This is off white.
 Ever heard of Cinderella?
 Not Disney
 Who's Disney
 I'm dizzy
 With the sickness
 The motion from your eyes as they gaze
 Up, down, all around
 A disapproving nod
 I nodded off
 My bad,
 I have insomnia.

I read a book about a girl who couldn't ride a
 bike.
 Quite generic
 So cliché
 But I managed to like it anyways
 Because what do we call mainstream?
 Is it just a tributary?
 They just overflow from the ocean
 Don't be a goat
 Remember geography
 Geometry
 Geology
 Or didn't you go to school?
 That's ok, no it's not.
 We'll probably
 Hate you
 Shun you
 Unless you grow up to be a millionaire, famous
 Started from the bottom
 Now we don't care.

I'm a part of a society.
 What has this world come to?
 As if it were that great before...
 This generation is doomed
 I like how they groom
 Dogs at the show
 As if they couldn't get fleas
 Yes please,
 Pass the pepper
 Throw the salt over your left shoulder
 Ouch, it burns
 Embers in the night
 I'm fine

Just fine
 A \$20,000 fine because you're lying.
 I hope this didn't make sense. I meant sense.

Jargon
Emma Somers '16
Poetry

Avoiding Contact(s)

Jalen Woods '16

Poetry

Pouring over a back bone,
A weeping cascade
emasculates Quasimodo.
This carcass's malleable masseter
hides sadness anyway,
as tissues evaporate
blind emotions to silence.

this scoliosis solace confused
into being a soulless conscience.
I just need to be alone
since you twisted the road
to my confidant;

a former home to a garden hose
blossomed an armistice with a
foreign rose.
But, green thumbs becomes numb
and love succumbs to being undone
'Two locked lips'

reality return
with violent sensations.
Sign language visualizes
their anguish.
latex hands cut out concave labelers
like LASIK

to operate clearly again.



She's Reaching Your Officer!
Will Brodlo '18
Digital Photography

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Suddenly I Am Not Afraid
Kate Lohnes '16
Poetry

you and I we are sitting on benches
wearing our lampshades like fur coats and
reading books with titles
that are far too obscure.

each of your candied whispers is welcomed.
(who doesn't like candy?)
i unwrap them with fervor—
like a child on christmas morning

you can tell me a story about sea lions.
i've always preferred manatees—
but i smile
and keep my mouth shut.

yesterday seems both close and far—
as if the darkness has just left,
as if it has been gone for centuries

i tilt my head to tell you that
there is darkness inside me—
but before I can,
you turn and
you tell me a story about chocolate ice cream.

i smile.

i've always preferred strawberry but i keep my mouth shut.

Untitled
Leah Minasian '17
Digital Photography

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I Am Mine
Sara Mantich '18
Digital Photography



Springsteen
Brigid McNally '17
Poetry

she had a strange love for certain things
leather jackets, cheap perfume, combat boots
red lipstick that was never able to hide away her
beautiful, longing smile
she wanted to be fearless

ripped jeans and white t-shirts
she was in a state between brokenness and purity...
perfectly content

every CD burned, ticket stub saved, and lyric belted she
knew that what made her truly alive was him
because with him there was never a Lonesome Day
never a day wasted even if just filled with his music

she stood there waiting
blood pressure Rising
fingernails digging into the direct center of her sweaty
palms

she clapped and tried to hide the eagerness growing
inside
amongst drunk forty year olds she was all the same
drunk on her incessantly swelling anxiety and happiness
she shook the world off her shoulders
she knew this laugh was on him

and it rained
it poured down like a dream
washing away the fears that she wished to cover with her
clothing
as the words rang
everyone was Waiting On a Sunny Day
but she didn't want the rain to end

she had never been so free
never anything less than herself
because when his voice met her heart, everything inside
her flowed like a River in perfect harmony
and everything started to make sense

Raindrops like Cannonballs

Michael Milito '16

Prose Fiction

I. Father Joe

Not knowing how long he had dozed off for, Father Joe glanced down at his watch, a silver Gattinoni with a rubber wristband that his Aunt gave as gift for completing his Holy Orders. She never really understood the implications of poverty behind the sacrament, and Father Joe was too kind to turn down such a sweet offer. 9:00 AM. Usually at this hour on the Lord's Day, Father Joe would pray towards the altar in preparation for the 10:00 Sunday Service, with the sunlight piercing through the magnificent stained glass windows of St. James' Cathedral and warming his aching bones. Today, however, he would get no such relief from the horrors of old age. The sky was blacker than a bubbling tar pit, the only light coming from frequent cackles of lightning, and the wind howled against the old wooden doors of the 20th century Seattle landmark. The rain hadn't stopped in nearly two days, unusual even for Seattle famous for it's rain, gluten free pastries, and being slightly less hip than Portland.

Like Rome, Seattle is built on seven hills. And, like Rome in the days of Emperor Nero, Seattle was burning. Several foreshocks had ruptured fuel lines across town, and a fire not seen on the west coast since the days of the Great San Francisco Fire threatened to turn the city to ashes. The other clergy stationed at the church

had all left to assist with the evacuation effort. The Pacific Northwest was on the verge of collapse, or rather submersion, from the Cascadia Earthquake and the tsunami that was sure to follow. Father Joe, two months out of a double knee replacement, simply couldn't do the work of the Lord in the field. So, he manned the spiritual heart of Seattle, praying to Jesus and all the Saints in heaven above that the town would avoid the reckoning heading to the Emerald City. He glanced down at his watch again: 9:30 AM. He had a feeling the pews of the Renaissance Revival classic would remain empty.

Usually, the 10:00 mass was heralded by the great brass bells of the cathedral. Instead, the only sound Father heard were the echoes of singular rain drops, sneaking their way into the church through a small hole in the dome. In an empty church with acoustics like Saint James', these raindrops echoed like cannonballs on an elemental battlefield. The monotony of tapping rain and booming thunder was broken by three loud knocks on the archaic wooden doors of the cathedral. Father Joe went to get up, a slow process ever since his knee procedure, but before he even left his velvet cushioned chair, the doors opened. A great wind blew through the church, blowing out the rows of candles the Rosary Club had lit for those who were unable

to escape from the incoming storm, Father Joe included. Two shadowed figures entered the cathedral. They walked a few steps, and then Father Joe made them out with the assistance of the flickering grand chandelier in the middle of the Church. Father Joe immediately recognized Meadow, a loyal parishioner for over fifty years, and her son, Mike, whom he had not seen in years but still wore the same frown he did as child, when he served as an altar server.

"We're sorry to barge in, Father. My Mother... she desperately wanted to be here, when it all goes down", Mike said. Mike had a withered build and a weathered face for a man of thirty years. Mike had moved out of Seattle after his Father passed, and never looked back. Only

recently did he move back, after his mother began to really feel the effects of her diagnosis with Alzheimer's. Father had heard from one of the Church bingo ladies that Mike was an atheist, although Father Joe didn't hold it against him. Even members of his own Redemptorist community had turned away from the Church in recent years. In an age of despair, Jesus' message has been watered down into a spiritual crutch instead of a revolutionary call.

"Don't worry, Mike. I'm happy to have the company," Father replied.

"Good to see you,

Barry. How was work today?"

Father Joe froze, unsure how to respond. Barry was Meadow's husband, dead for years now. It was not uncommon for Meadow to forget names and faces, and it was downright frequent for her to mistake the men she encountered to be her husband. The Church (old) ladies club had pushed her out because of it, after she embarrassed the entire group at Jersey Boys by mistaking an usher for her husband, although Father Joe begged them to keep her in, if only to keep her active and out of the house. Before Mike moved back from China to take care of her, she hadn't been to church in ages. Her disease had cloistered her away from the world. She's now trapped in a scrapbook of her own memory, only without the ability to flip back and look at all the pages. Bits and pieces come back to her, but she was a shadow of her old self.

"Ma, this is Father Joe. Barry... Dad... is dead, remember?"

"Right, right. My apologies, Father. Sometimes..." Meadow trailed off, her eyes glazed over with a horrible shade of grey. On top of it all, she was starting to lose her eyesight. Meadow always had these big, beautiful blue eyes that were full of a wild, youthful energy. Today, she just looked confused.

"No need to apologize. Would you like to pray with me?"

"She needs to sit down and rest a bit," Mike interjected. "After that, I know she'd love to sit down with you and pray."

Meadow settled down in a pew, and closed her eyes. Mike, a natural caretaker, pulled a pair of mittens out of her black leather purse and slipped them on her hands. He then pulled a bright red rosary out of a little metallic box, a relic from a trip to the vatican she and Barry had taken back in the eighties, and slipped it in her hands. She was probably

"In an empty church with acoustics like Saint James', these raindrops echoed like cannonballs on an elemental battlefield".

asleep, but Mike now lived to serve his mother in Father Joe's eyes, to provide her spiritual and physical comfort as her bright mind turned to mush. Father Joe began to walk towards the altar, figuring he'd leave the two behind to rest and pray.

"Wait!" Mike called out to me, not recognizing the vastness of the space. His words hung in the air, serving as an audible boomerang into Father Joe's ears.

"Of course, Mike," said Father Joe, "I'm not going anywhere."

II. Mike

Mike couldn't help but fidget, as himself and Father Joe sat down in the back of the Church. He kept a careful eye on his mother, who was prone to getting up too quickly and falling down. Last week, she had nearly broken her wrist getting out of her recliner, and the money his father had left behind to take care of her was running out. Mike had drained most of it putting her mother into an assisted living facility, and opted to take care of her himself instead of continuing to spend astronomical amounts of green on a glorified waiting

room for wherever we go when it all turns black, even though it cost him his dream position at an architecture firm in Beijing.

"I sense you have something on your mind," Father Joe said hesitantly.

He was right, of course. Having a clouded mind was an ailment Mike had suffered from since the day he turned twelve.

"Astute observation, Father. In these conditions, it's hard not to think elsewhere," Mike replied.

"You've always dreamed of big places, Mike. I remember you talking about traveling the world back when you were an altar boy, and your mother's friends tell me that you did just that."

"Friends? Some friends she has!" Mike cried. "Not a single one of them has stood

"My Ma won't leave the city. Her whole life has been tied to Seattle, and even now, with her mind in the state it's in, she knows her destiny is here."

Mike looked back at his mother. He could hear an audible impassioned murmur coming from her lips, probably a prayer, but with his mother, you could never be sure. One moment, she was reciting a "Glory Be", the next, she was singing the theme song from Gilligan's Island.

"Mike, I know you feel a degree of guilt for leaving your Mom to go work in China," Father Joe interjected, "but staying here is suicide. When the cascadia earthquake hits... the Cathedral doesn't stand much of a chance. Hell, this whole neighborhood doesn't stand a chance. But you still have time to get out. I'll take care of your Mother, I swear."

Mike paused, and looked at Father Joe. He could tell that the offer was genuine, Father Joe simply had that air to him.

"The thing is, Father, I've thought about it. And it's not the guilt that's keeping me. It's something else. When I was in China, I lived right near the Dongyue Temple, a Taoist place of worship. And I learned about this concept they have, Wu Wei."

"I'm familiar with it," Father Joe replied. "The path of least resistance is effortless. Our actions are all in harmonious alignment with the ebb and flow of the elemental cycles of the world."

Mike's jaw practically dropped to the floor. Father Joe had always seemed so rigid in his belief in Catholic Dogma, so to hear him recite the tenets of Taoist thought naturally came as a surprise.

"The Catholic Church

doesn't have a monopoly on truth, Mike. I've found God in many faces in many countries. And become a stronger Catholic because of it."

"I'm in awe of your spiritual strength, Father. I've had the opposite feeling. The more I learn about other religions, the more I drift away from the faith I was raised in. I used to live to serve as an altar boy. I used to come early, just to stare at the frescoes on the ceiling. I was in such awe of this building. I could feel Christ's presence, Christ's power. But now, it just feels empty to me."

Mike glanced at Father Joe, expecting to see a look of disappointment. But all he saw on Father Joe's face was understanding. Mike forgot about the rain, which had crescendoed into a furious onslaught. He forgot about his mother, caught in a daze from which she'd never recover. And all he felt was understanding. He realized that his childlike awe was not because of the mighty marble statues, or golden plated tabernacle. It was in the community, the comfort that the Church provided for his family. His mother and father were hard working children of immigrants, survivors of the nonstop economic warfare on the middle class. They worked tirelessly for him to go to Catholic schools all the way up to college. Even after his Father died, the money he left him in his will helped Mike establish himself in China. But to work nonstop in unsatisfying factory jobs like they did, you need some sort of belief to hold to. And Mike realized that his parents had two: their only child, Mike, and the Church.

"So back to the Wu Wei, Mike. Do you think it applies to your situation now? That you're staying because you're accepting

what life throws at you?" interrupted Father Joe, not recognizing that Mike was mired deep in thought.

"Listen, Father. All my life, I've attempted to avoid things that were difficult."

"I wouldn't say that. You came back to help your mother out," Father Joe replied innocently.

"No, it's true. For years, I spent money to keep her out of my mind. I didn't visit for six years, I barely even thought about her. But ever since I came back, I learned something, Father. Taking care of my Mom... that's effortless. I was misinterpreting the idea of least resistance, you see. I thought running away from my problems was the right thing to do, that it was easy. But it placed a strain on my soul, a darkness that nearly consumed me. But my Mom freed me from that. She doesn't realize it, but she saved me"

Mike was interrupted by a loud cackle from the front of the Church. Meadow had begun to laugh uncontrollably, the mad laughter of someone who's lost their mind. Then, the earth began to shake.

"It's coming, Mike," Father said, "God help us all." Mike began walking towards his mother, with Father Joe following close behind. "I want to be with her when it all ends."

III. Meadow

Meadow didn't feel the ground move beneath her feet, or hear the water pour through the shattered stained glass windows of the church, or see a mighty blaze rapidly approaching the south portion of the cathedral. Mike and Father Joe attempted to pull her to higher ground, above the rapidly flooding

floor of the Church, but Father Joe's knees gave out, and Mike didn't want to fight any longer. The quake had torn through the center of the church, and a statue of the sixth station of the cross had nearly fallen directly onto Meadow's head, but she didn't notice. She had a big, beautiful smile on her face, her golden cap on her front tooth gleaming in the moonlight. Meadow was there in body only. She was trapped in a memory, unaware of the events transcribing in the real world.

She saw herself walk into her old home, the brick and mortar maison of Mulberry Lane. It wasn't much, but she loved every square inch of that house. Sitting in the family room where her husband, Barry and son, Mike. She hadn't seen Mike since he came back from his grand voyage across the globe.

"Welcome back, Mikey. How was your trip?" Meadow asked, innocently.

Mike stared back at her, recognizing her temporal loss of time and place, and loving her completely in spite of it.

"I don't have the words to describe it, Ma. I think you'd love China"

"Oh, I don't know about that. Seattle is enough for me."

"Ma, it's almost time for Gilligan's Island."

Meadow looked at Mike, and saw that he had grown into the young man she had always hoped he would, a spitting image of his father. It was as if his face flickered and all the years of aging melted off his face, leaving an amalgamated bust of pure love, the kind of love only a Mother can feel for her son. He wasn't the boy who she watched reruns with after school, and yet he was. The time

didn't matter, nor the place. Only the bond they shared.

"I'd never miss it, Mikey. You know that," Meadow replied, defiantly.

She saw Mike get up and turn the television on, and flip to Channel Two for the afternoon special. He sat down and brushed his hands against the mustard carpet, and laid flat on his back, his head resting at her feet. She looked over at Barry and saw him slowly nod to her, almost as if he knew what was coming next. Meadow heard the familiar tune of the Gilligan's Island theme song, and couldn't help but sing in her shrill, off-tune version of the tune. A furious stream of rain shattered through the sliding glass door and into the floortoceiling wood paneled living room, but none of it mattered anymore.

"...The weather starting getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed. If not for the courage of the fearless crew, the Minnow would be lost. The Minnow would be lost."

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17

your hands
Sasha Dobrov '16
Poetry

often i
remember your hands
the warm, brown skin
and the cool, blue veins.

often i
remember your hands
how strong they were
how kind they were.

often i
remember your hands
lifting me up
holding me in a moment
of eternity.

and sometimes i'll
lay my head down after
a long day
fall into
a half sleep
and i'll see your hands
welcoming me into
a deep sleep.

Monday
Tyler Daniels '17
Pencil Drawing





Eyes
Caleigh Andrews '17
Sketch

America
John-Christian Moore '15
Poetry

The systems manipulated,
Because it is filled hatred.

Casey Anthony kills her own kid, then gets by.
Then Zimmerman shoots Trayvon, and that's fine.

Trayvon could've been me,
Them bullets could've hit me,

Zimmerman could've shot me, then got off Scott free.
Just because my pigment ain't the color of milk, it's coffee.
I'm just going based off what the government taught me,

That black life is worthless,
They kill us in cold blood, they do it nerveless.

So thank the government, they essentially made this,
When they injected that poison in Troy Davis.

When they had the video of the cops beating Rodney,
King, and they still got off oddly,

They almost got it right when that cop killed Clement Lloyd,
Convicted him, second trial, that ruling was null and void.

When that open casket was held for Emmett Till,
Them white boys was acquitted still,

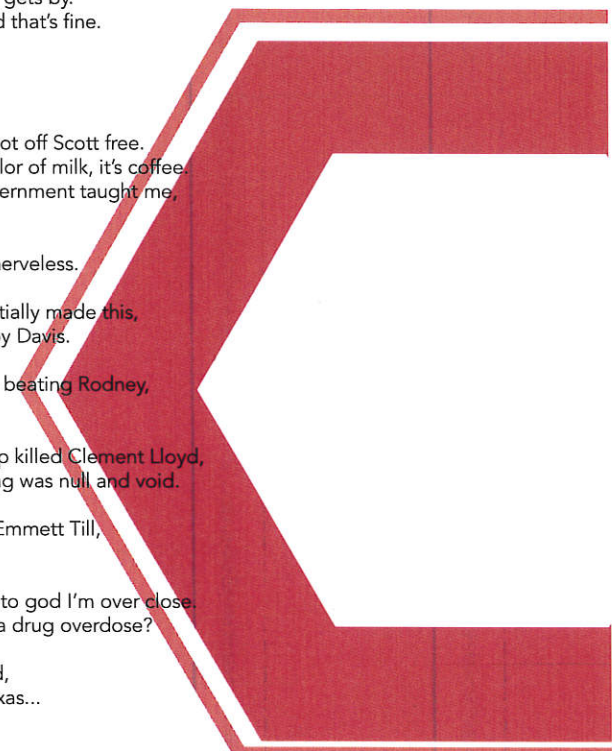
They pushing me to my limit, I swear to god I'm over close.
They tryna say Alfred Wright died of a drug overdose?

His throat was slit yet no one arrested,
Type of stuff this would happen in Texas...

Shoot me cause I look suspicious,
I ain't doing nothing but just

Cause I'm wearin a hoodie and my skin has melanin,
That ain't no reason for me to have to see my reckoning.

I know I didn't know that Trayvon Martin kid,
I just hate seeing the wasted efforts of what another Martin did.



Everything
Caroline Kirchberg '18
Poetry

everything is tainted. i
can't find a surface
without your fingerprints.
your hair is woven in
mine. my mind is woven
in yours. i can't take a sip
without tasting the
bitterness that follows.

everything burns. remove
my heart and my brain
would recall everything
you've ever said. remove
my brain and my heart
would pump your poison
through my body. you
have your own flavor of
regret, your own strain of
illegality.

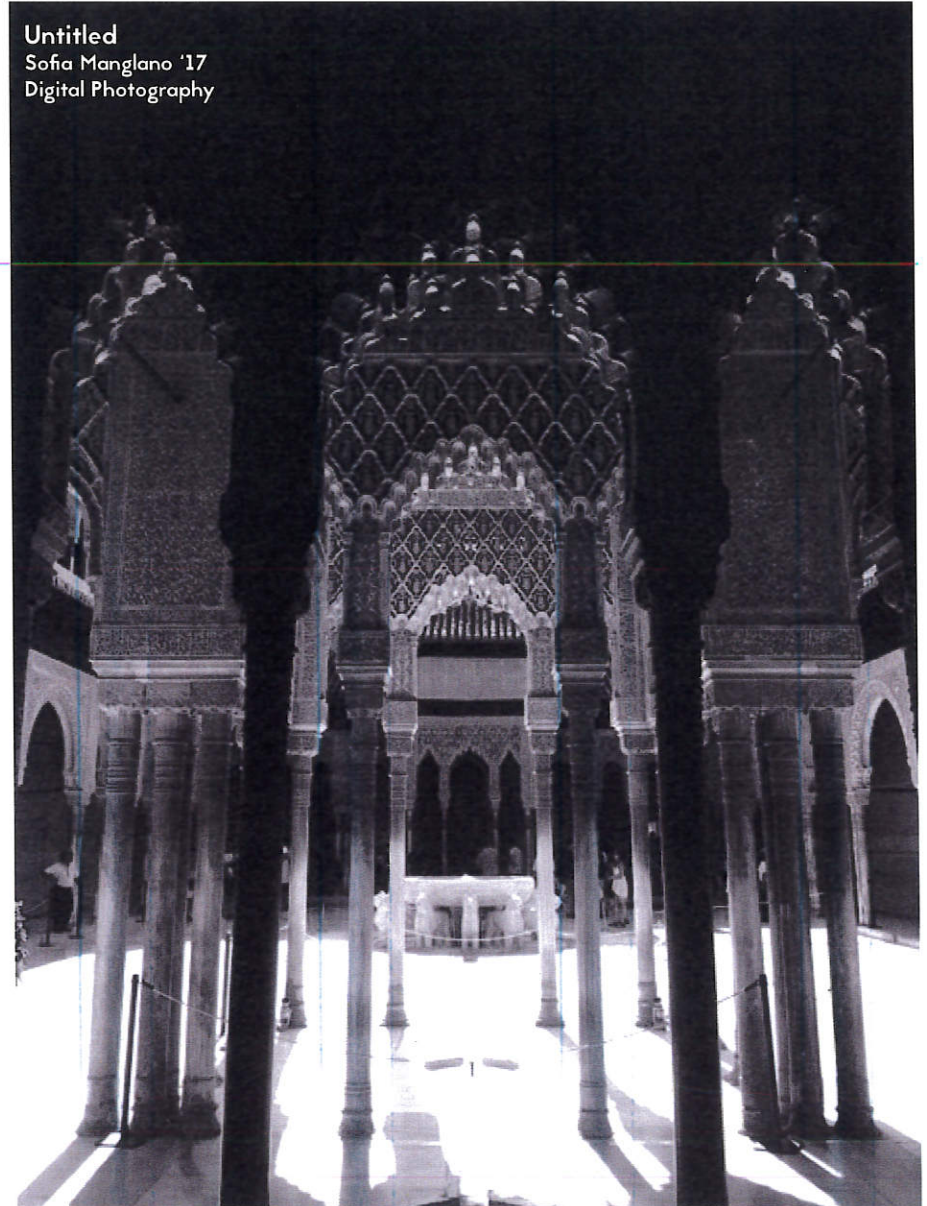
i've decided to ignore it
all. "it all" refers to
everything that makes me
happy, everything that
makes me sad, and
everything in between.
yeah, i'll be alright. i won't
enjoy it, but i will move
along.

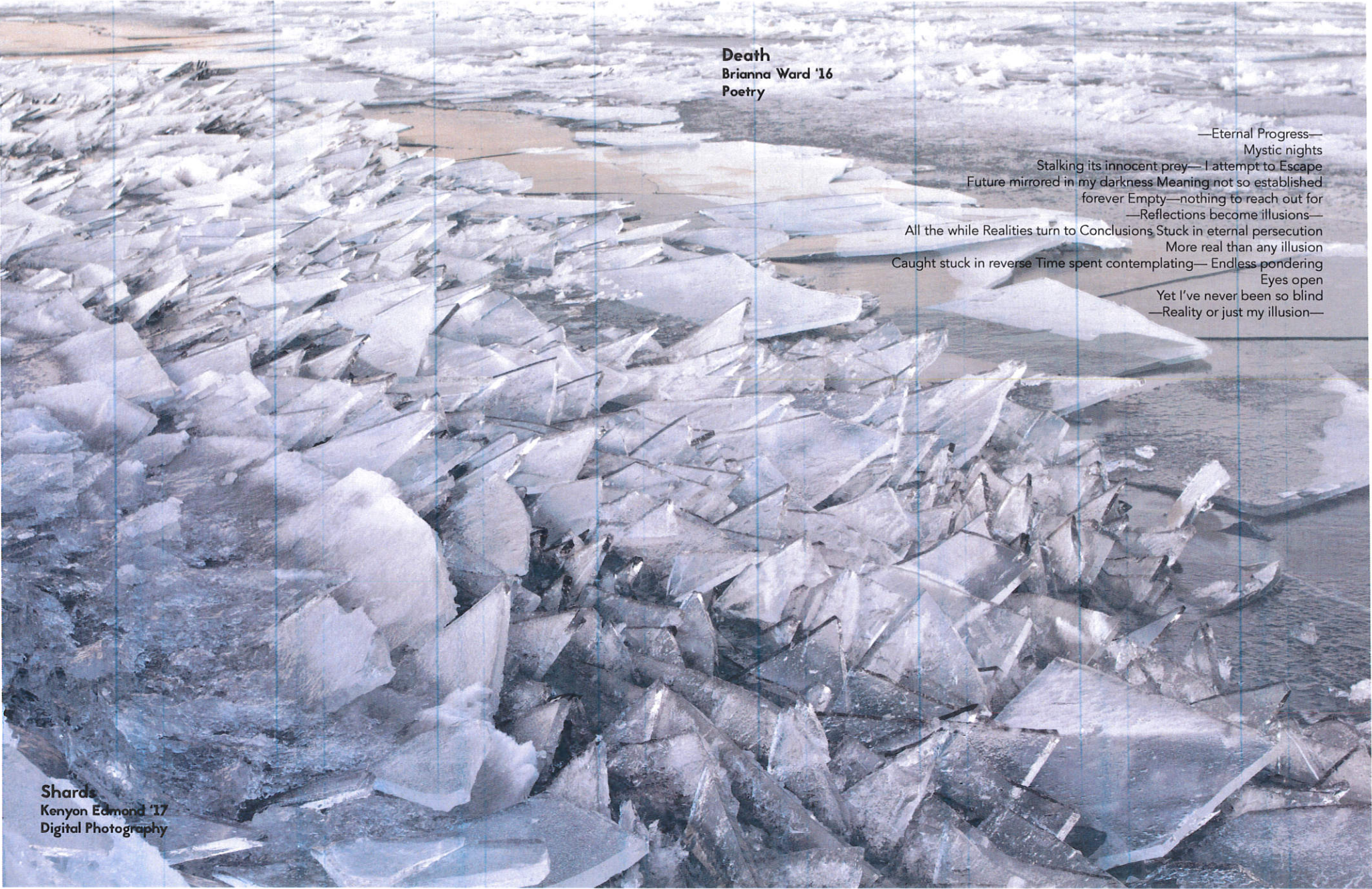
i will move along.
i will move along.
i will move along.

the letters will get fuzzy,
but everything does at
some point. my eyes
can't hold their own and if
i try too hard my ears will
give out as well.

i will unwind myself from
you. i will teach myself to
love what i should. i will
lean on myself and care
for the world the best i
can.

Untitled
Sofia Manglano '17
Digital Photography





Death
Brianna Ward '16
Poetry

—Eternal Progress—
Mystic nights
Stalking its innocent prey— I attempt to Escape
Future mirrored in my darkness Meaning not so established
forever Empty—nothing to reach out for
—Reflections become illusions—
All the while Realities turn to Conclusions Stuck in eternal persecution
More real than any illusion
Caught stuck in reverse Time spent contemplating— Endless pondering
Eyes open
Yet I've never been so blind
—Reality or just my illusion—

Shards
Kenyon Edmond '17
Digital Photography

Both Must Be Present
Natalia Klisch '17
Poetry

To obtain joy,
Pain must be prevalent.
Happiness wouldn't exist,
If sadness wasn't lurking around.
Love needs company
For the feeling of hate.
Life would be miserable
without the wish for death.

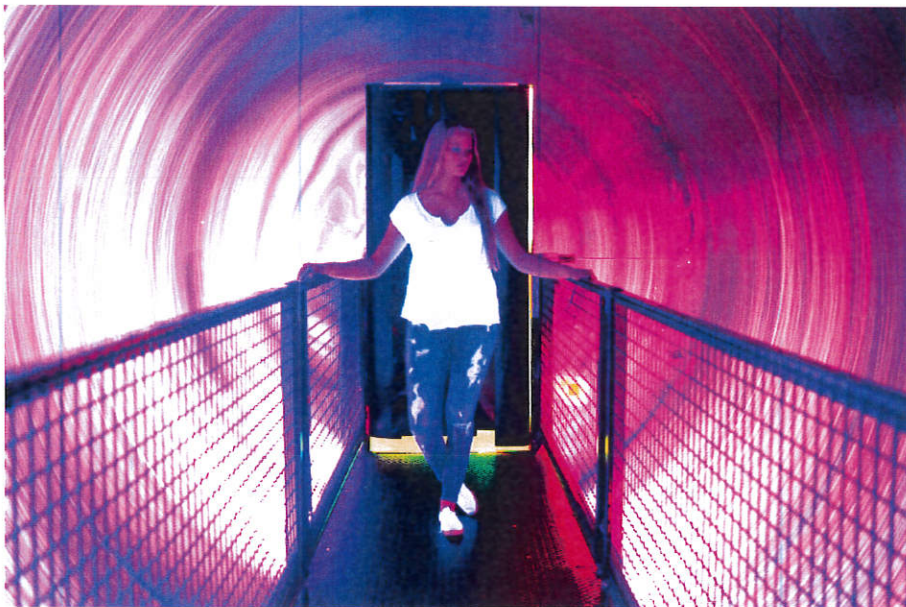
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Longing
Sara Mantich '16
Photograph

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Untitled
Caleigh Andrews '17
Digital Photography



Late Night Bowling
John Hannon '16
Prose Fiction

The shoe fit, Randy wore it. He had his whole life. His college, his job, and his life might as well be hand-me-downs. He works for his dad, and his brother is his boss. Each night he walks home from his perfect little office to his perfect little house down his perfect little street. As each leg surpasses the next, his head bobs along his vertical motion. He knows the way all too well. He could walk it in his sleep, and so he dreams with his steps. His mind carries away in a cloud of imagination to his old self. His younger and freer anima, where he'd sneak out late at night to practice his throw. "HONEY" his wife yelled. He had walked a few houses down again. "You still live here you know!" He falls back to reality and walks through his door. He hugs and kisses his family and hoists himself up the stairs. As he rounds the corner to his black room, he knows he is out of sight. His shoulders fall, as if weights had attached themselves to his wrists. The darkness of the room engulfs him. He falls into his bed with full force and travels back to his mind. To those bowling days. Those neon lights, those smooth wooden floors, that crash of the pins. The most important sense of this vivid dreamed reality is the cheer of the crowd as the last pin tilts left, right, and finally down.

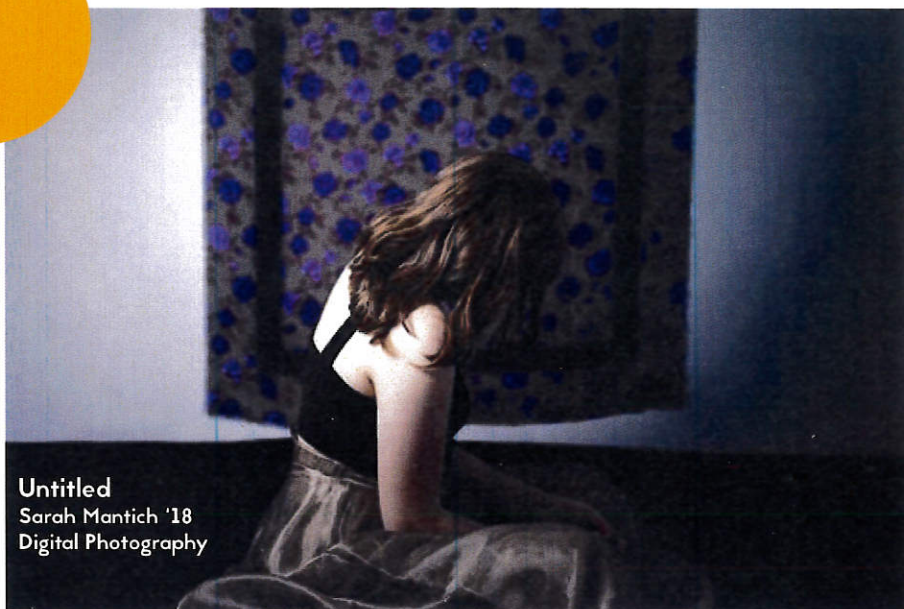


Black For a Nation

Bare Tella '16

Poetry

She was black.
 The type of black
 that could be masked by darkness,
 A black
 that could be mistaken for nothingness,
 A black
 that locked minds.
 But when the lights shone,
 she was
 The type of black
 that you couldn't hide from.
 The type of black
 that couldn't be ignored,
 A black
 as striking as the sting of a whip,
 A black
 of courageous hair, low breasts, and real lips.
 Sweet as a berry,
 she was no Whitley Gilbert
 No Gina Waters.
 She lived in a two bedroom flat
 On a block
 where everyone knew their fathers.
 She had a black
 that had a story
 One that everyone assumed
 they knew.
 She saw red
 on the hands of the white men in blue.
 She had a black
 she couldn't escape.
 A black
 diseased with assumption and negative connotation
 A black
 synonymous with lesser
 A black that was
 too black for a nation.



Untitled
Sarah Mantich '18
Digital Photography

Trying to Forget
Isabella Dodd '16
Poetry

It's strange to think
When you don't realize you're thinking
And then you're about to sink
Into the mess that is your mind, sinking
He doesn't care about you anymore
And that's okay
You just lie on the floor
Mindlessly digging your hands into the clay
His name engulfs your brain
You can't make it stop, don't want it to stop
Because a life where you can't rid of his name is better
Than one where you wonder
If he even remembers yours



Untitled
Kelly Doyle '16
Pottery

Untitled
Matthew Raterman '16
Mixed Media



What is that? A cloud?
A balloon caught in a tree?
Oh! It is you moon!

34



I saw a shadow,
A squirrel, bounding in a tree
Hopped from branch to branch

35

Comfort In The Clouds

Kate Lohnes '16

Prose Fiction

I believe I was seven or eight when it happened. One would think the date of something such as this would ingrain itself involuntarily into my brain, but it wasn't the date that stuck with me.

It was the sky.
Isn't that odd?

I can't tell you the day or even the month in which my best friend's brother killed himself but I can tell you the exact number of clouds that littered a speckled gray sky the afternoon I heard the news. I cannot remember the season of his funeral, but I can say with confidence that there was a gentle breeze across a cerulean sky that ushered the entire atmosphere gently to the East. Peculiar, isn't it?

They buried him when the sky clung to the sun, generously giving a glow to everything its rays touched and I remember that the air was stagnant. I suppose, if it's not going to rain, this is the next best cliché for a burial. There was a certain moistness in the air but I was unsure if this came from approaching storms or mourning eyes. The cloudless sky suggested the truth was held in the latter.

I remember that life didn't stand still like it's supposed to;

nothing froze and I couldn't feel the blood coursing through my veins with each heartbeat. I did not recede from family and isolate myself nor did I stop eating or talking or sleeping. Life continued, seemingly having more important things to do than halt and lament over just one of its many tenants.

Grief can be funny like that. You expect one thing but you get another. Each gentle gust of wind scoffed at my ears reprimanding me for grieving wrong. Feel it deeper, it would whisper into a crescendo. Feel it wholly.

Instead I spent hours tracing the sky with my eyes - thinking maybe, just maybe if I looked long enough, a message of explanation would sprawl itself across the clouds. It never did, and I was unsure whether I found this comforting or disheartening.

Time progressed, as doing so seems to be its favorite exertion. Eventually, sunken-eyed and skeletal, my best friend left school never to come back. I saw him walk out the front door and shove his hands into his pockets as he shuffled under a crisp cobalt sky. I remember my fingertips were numb with cold as they danced on my face shooting pinpricks

of autumn below my skin, and that was the moment I finally felt afraid.

But then the question arose, what was I afraid of?

Perhaps the answer became more evident as time progressed. I began to realize that death is not a singular event that hits in a split second but rather an era that prolongs itself by any means necessary. Once I realized this, I found what I had been afraid of all this time. It came to me under a sky of obsidian, my knuckles glowing whiter than the moon as my hands tightened around the covers beneath me. I was afraid, but it wasn't of dying.

I wasn't afraid of decomposing flesh. I was afraid that while his body rotted in the ground his family rotted six feet above.

I was not afraid of the light of the end of the tunnel nor was I afraid that there was no light. I was afraid of the lights that remained off all day as they fossilized in bed the same way he did in his grave.

I was afraid of the food piling up on their front porch, somehow promoting the idea that if they just had enough poorly made casserole maybe then they would be okay. I was afraid of the way his name

sounded coming out of the priest's mouth every Sunday for the next month but I was even more afraid of the way it stopped, when his name was no longer relevant enough to call attention to.

I was afraid of the way his parents were forced to continue hurting as time passed and everyone else simply forgot.

I was afraid of them being forced to try and explain the inexplicable to those strangers too ignorant to realize they simply can't answer if they're okay.

I was so afraid of death.

It has been years and death still lingers in the corridors of that household. You can hear it, for it has intertwined itself into the muted cry of a mother whose hands grip an old sweatshirt far too tightly.

Or in a father who shuffles past his other son's room every night, too drunk to see if he's still awake.

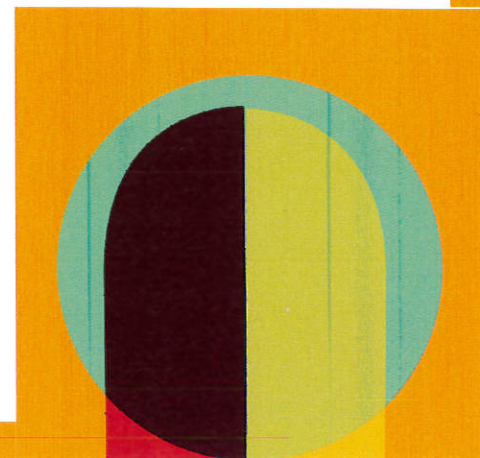
Or in a brother who was left to pick up the pieces of his life when his parents couldn't even pick up their own, let alone help him with his.

It is in the cold silence between loved ones who used to find conversation in everything. It is the brokenness you can

see but most importantly it is the brokenness which remains hidden under flesh and shaking hands. Death can rot your body six feet under, but it can also do so six feet above. It destroys lives it doesn't even intend on taking.

It is everywhere, and I am terrified.

Years have passed now and my eyes rarely find themselves examining the sky, as now they graze on pastures of textbooks and computer screens. I have not heard his name since the day I left that chapter of my life behind but there are times when a deep wondering will wash over me leaving me speechless and out of breath. I find no comfort in the clouds anymore, but I know a day will come again when I must face the sky as I did before.



**laundering color to buy
back snickers**
Jalen Woods '16
Poetry

A childhood
was spent blending in,
white washing
faded genes
of desaturated melanin.

Society's cloaked clone
of subordination
is clothed beneath
degraded generations
of thick skin.

Decadent Ghanaian cocoa
is coated to cope
with corroding assimilation.

Her pride cried
was soaked and dried
into dark chocolate.

Work put white
collar tight
creases
on seamless cheeks.

When she leaves,
maternal fear beats
skinny soft sweetness
into bruised black licorice.

A remission of delusions,
due to dreamily reminiscing
through my ignorance.
She's comforted by my colorless
sheets of impotence.

An insomniac's tears
drip from coffee bean
after endless night terrors
of my death in dichotomy.

she begs to me
please
come home safely.

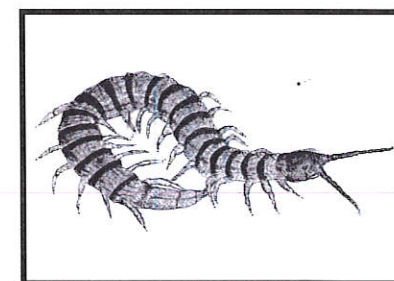
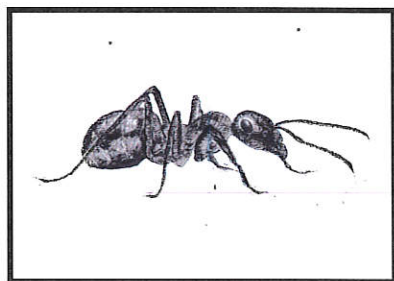
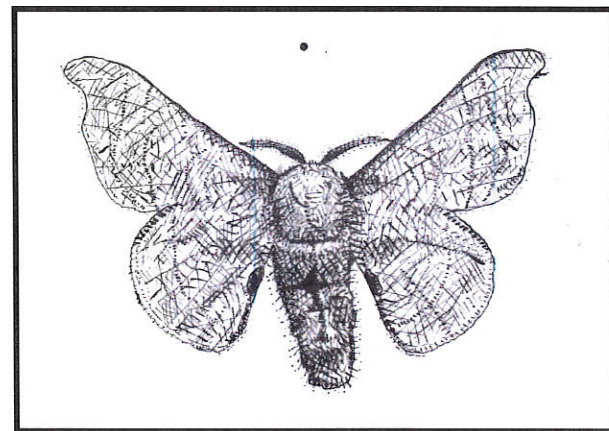
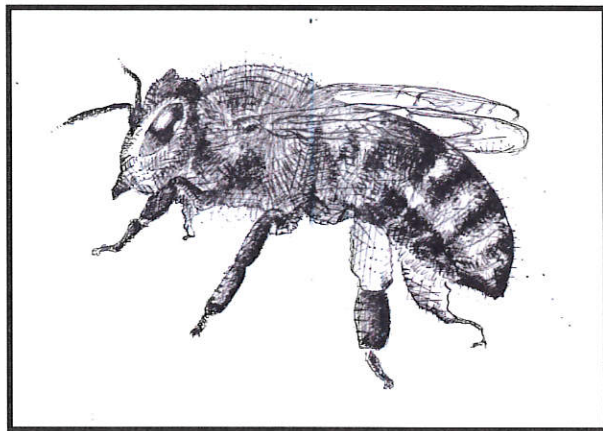
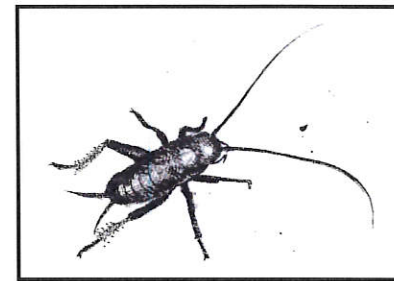
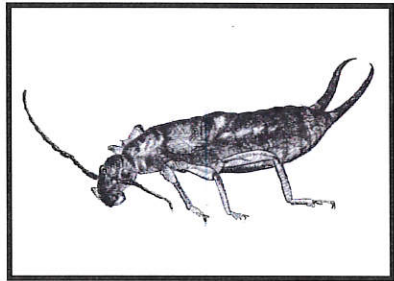
why does she think
she's the only one
who can't sleep.

38



Mikayla
Tyler Daniels '17
Digital Photography

39



Matthew Ratterman 16'
Insect Series
Pen and Ink Drawing

40

41



The Man
Oliver Carr '16
Chalk Pastel

Immortality
Bryce Leggett '18
Poetry

I Walk through Time besides
The Space that holds my mind.
A work of art—Perfection made by Me
And marred by We.
Individuality: Individual Realities: Indivisible Reactionaries
Are ordinary—nothing exceptional, but expectable—
On the basis of the Me that is We.

I Walk through Space, a place
Where Time is laced from first to last
And lasts at first.
Alas, it hurts to know that I do not know.
Life is a causation of the cessation that is Death—
The end of our beginning; the beginning of our ends.
Expecting to die—paranoid to live.
(Read in between the letters, not the lines)

The Importance of Perspective

Peter Goldman '16

Poetry

They will all die.

Our worries,
Will come true.

Our dreams,
Will end.

Our problems,
Will make us.

Our fears,
Will last forever.

Our Friends,
Will drift away.

Our Heartaches,
Will break us.

Nothing,
Can save us.

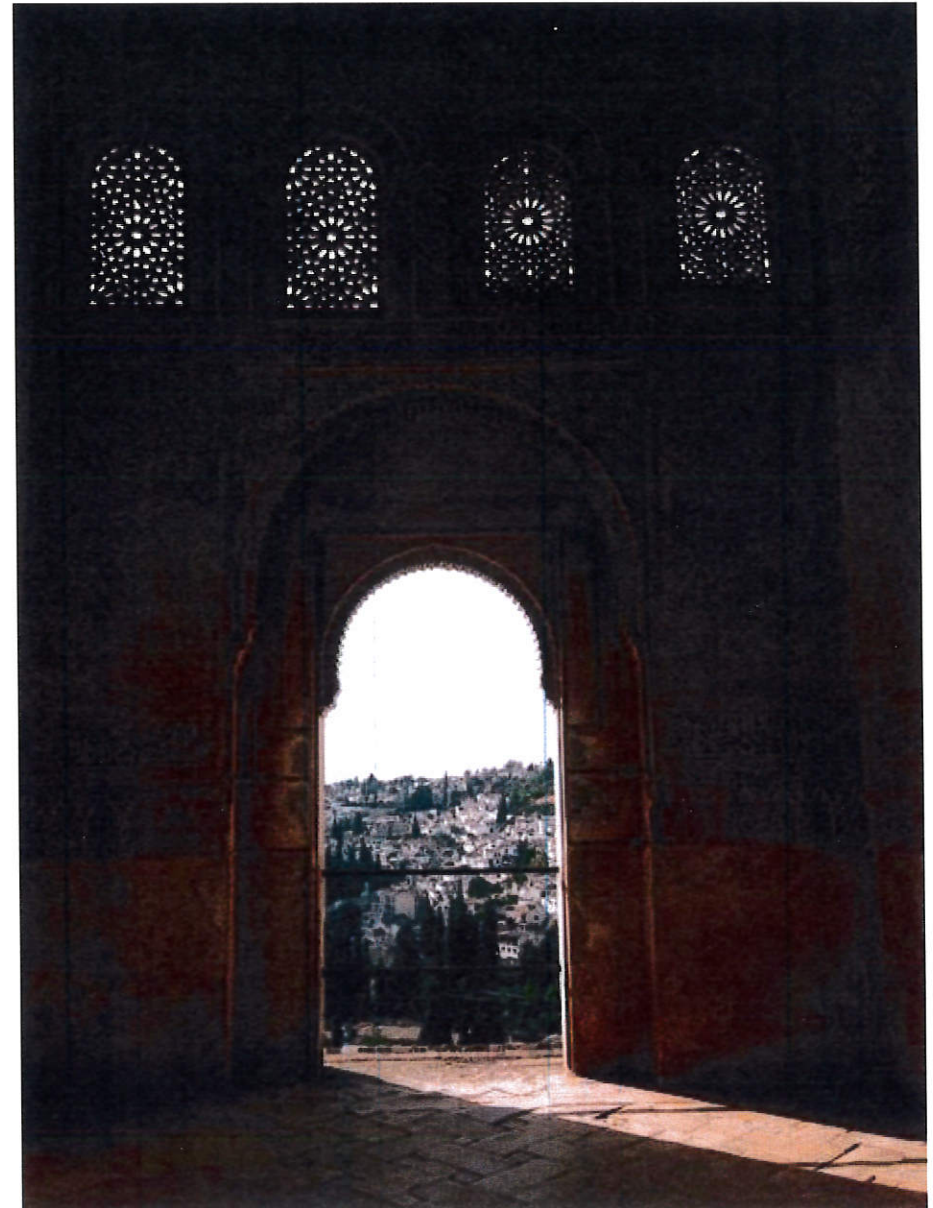
Christ,
Will leave us.

Death.

(Please read from top to bottom first.

Then, read from bottom to top.)

Right: Untitled
Sofia Mangano '17
Digital Photography





Burnt Toast
Kel Doyle '16
Poetry

Every so often, I catch you
looking at me.
Or is it past me?

Subsequent denial in
the lack of a smile
as you turn your eyes away,
Hanging on to every word
I'd never say
while someone else speaks.

And I know you're not worth
the simple excuses I make.

But I still hope you like,
or at least don't mind,
the ripped tshirts I wear
and the book I've read since we first met.

Untitled
Juliet Welsh '18
Painting

Warning Syne
Michael Milito '16
Short Film Script

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, TIMES SQUARE. NEITHER DAY NOR NIGHT.

The final New Year's Eve. Times Square slowly floats away into whiteness, cube by cube. Reality itself is falling apart. Jenny McCarthy kisses a random firefighter, then slowly disintegrates, piece by piece. She screams and holds the firefighter in her arms, until they both simply no longer exist. Ryan Seacrest calls out for Dick Clark, looking to the sky but seeing only a blank whiteness which has replaced the dark hues of the average January night in New York.

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE MARRIOTT MARQUIS, TIMES SQUARE

LIAM, a cynical and moody teenager, the kind you might find shopping at Hot Topic and casually reading Karl Marx, drags a cigarette and watches the destruction of Times Square through a sizeable, circular window, resting his head against an old granite pillar. His right hand rests on the damp carpet. The Lobby looks straight out of the 1970s, complete with wooden paneling from an AMC Eagle Wagon and "Wintertime" by the Steve Miller Band playing softly in the background. LIAM looks to grab another square, but finds only an empty carton.

LIAM
 Just my luck.

CLARK, another teenager, President of the Pro-Life club at his high school, runs into the lobby, panting.

CLARK
 You know, smoking is bad for you.

LIAM
 Have you looked outside today? Something tells me it really doesn't matter.

CLARK
 I'm Clark.

LIAM
 Liam.

CLARK
 Well, Liam, welcome to the end of the world.

LIAM ashes the cigarette, and looks CLARK dead in the eyes.

LIAM
 Not the end of the world. The end of reality.

CLARK shrugs, and kicks the empty carton of Cigarettes that LIAM brought.

CLARK
 Whatever it is, this whole thing is a damn shame. And that's probably an understatement.

LIAM I'm ready for it. I think we had this coming.

CLARK
 How can you say that?

LIAM
 This is just a punishment. Our "Author" grew tired of the story, so he's moving on. Wiping the slate clean. Forgetting about this narrative.

CLARK
 God wouldn't-

LIAM gets up and grabs the gold Jesus piece resting on CLARK's shirt.

LIAM
 There's no use invoking the God of Abraham and Jesus and Mohammed. Or Buddha, Vishnu, Zeus. They were just stories. And now we know the ending to them all.

CLARK brushes LIAM off. The elevator door slams shut, and slowly begins to move upward.

CLARK
 Your "Author" do that?

LIAM jiggers the elevator's control panel, and CLARK sits down.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 It's kind of a cliché- moving up to see one last ball drop in Times Square. Two opposite people forced together in the apocalypse.

LIAM gives up on trying to fix the control panel, and joins CLARK on the floor.

LIAM
 That's the secret story of reality. New people constantly being thrown in the same old clichés. You think President Sanders was the first person to take power through a populist message, by calling out for better conditions for the middle class? Human history would disagree with that.

CLARK
 One example isn't going to change my mind.

LIAM
 Funny thing is, when I was a kid, I was certain that I was an actor on some alien sitcom. And now, I'm realizing that even in my adolescence I knew.

CLARK
 Knew what?
 LIAM
 That this was all some script. That even now, as I speak, someone is typing the lines for me.

CLARK
 You're describing our lives like we're robots, as if we're programmed. But we feel real emotion. Humanity- it's not some damned puppet like you think it is. The small moments of joy, the deeply rooted hatred, the boundless curiosity-

LIAM
 All just character sketches from the screenwriter in the sky.

CLARK
 Let's suppose your... Author idea is right. What kind of story is this?

LIAM
 A forgotten story. An abandoned idea for a prompt. The Author's left us in this limbo while he dreams of his next world, for me and you to be thrown into another series of archetypes. Maybe next time it'll be a comedic-yet heartwarming-zombie story, or some watered down Godfather knock off. Words scraped off of the script and into the darkness of a blank white page.

CLARK
 If that's true, there is no fourth wall. Or any walls separating me from our Author. Just all of reality existing simultaneously, in one glorious moment.

CLARK looks directly into the camera.

CLARK (CONT'D) Hello, creator. Thank you for this gift of life, no matter how brief my time on this plane may have been.

LIAM
 Even now, with everyone you've ever loved erased from time and space, you're grateful?

CLARK
 That's all I can be.

LIAM
 So there is no allegory, then.

CLARK
 No, there never has been. One truth, many stories.

LIAM
 But one Author?

CLARK
 If that's what you wish to

believe.

LIAM gazes at the big screen in Times Square, which has just hit the final ten second countdown to the New Year.

LIAM
 I suppose philosophical arguments are most persuasive when presented as fiction.

CLARK
 We're... fictional characters?

The elevator stops. Both CLARK and LIAM look out the window. The ball hits, and the screen changes to 2018. Then in the blink of an eye, everything outside disappears. The wave of nonexistence flows across Times Square, hitting the Marriott Marquis and with it CLARK and LIAM.

LIAM (Looking directly into the camera)
 Aren't we all?

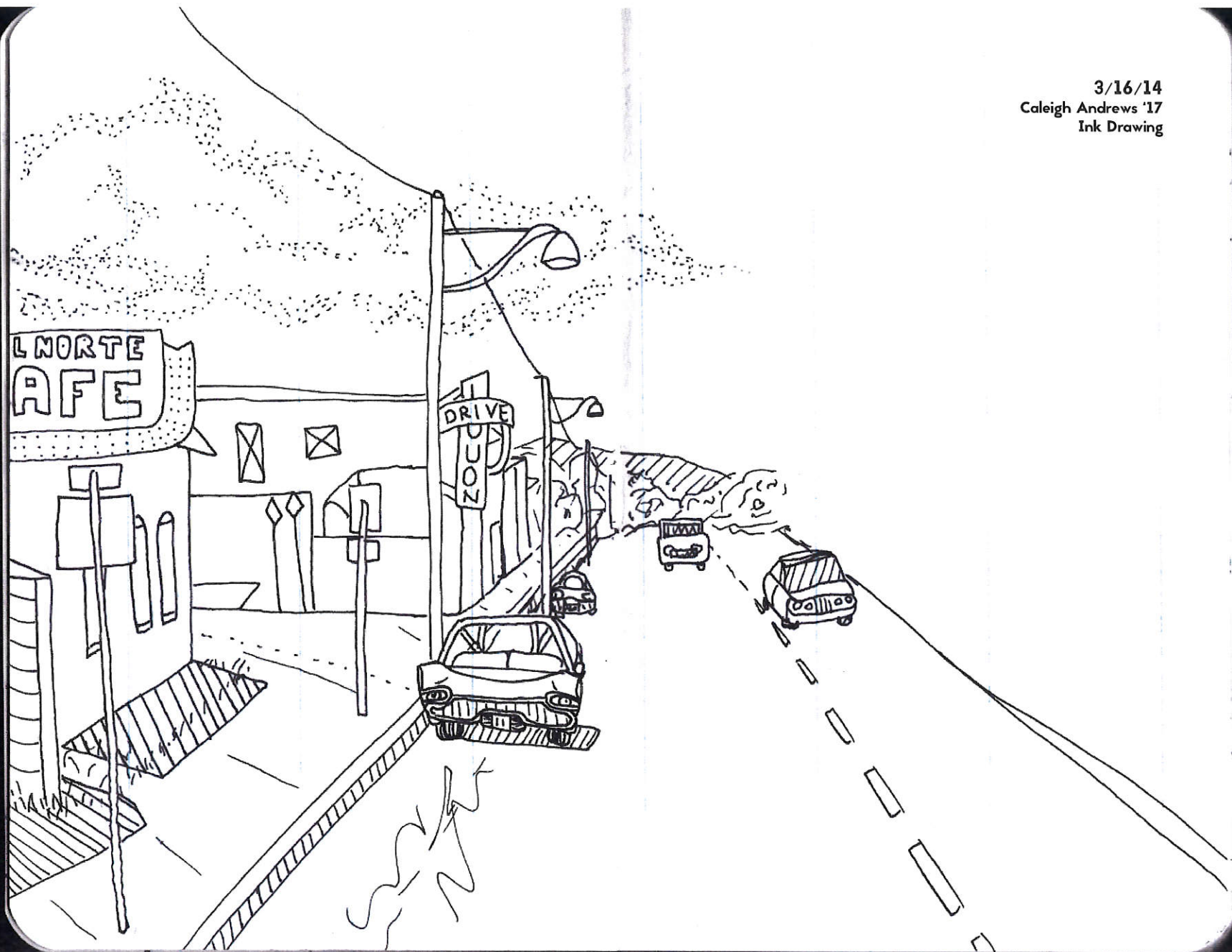
CLARK and LIAM both fall apart, cube by cube, into fine colored sand, unlike any other object seen so far. The screen goes white, with the sand that was once the duo remaining on screen. "Auld Lang Syne" begins to play, a recording of the song from One Way Passage. The sand begins to swirl, culminating into a dot. The dot explodes, replicating the Big Bang. On the shores of a luscious river, two members of a primitive species discover flame. Existence begins anew.

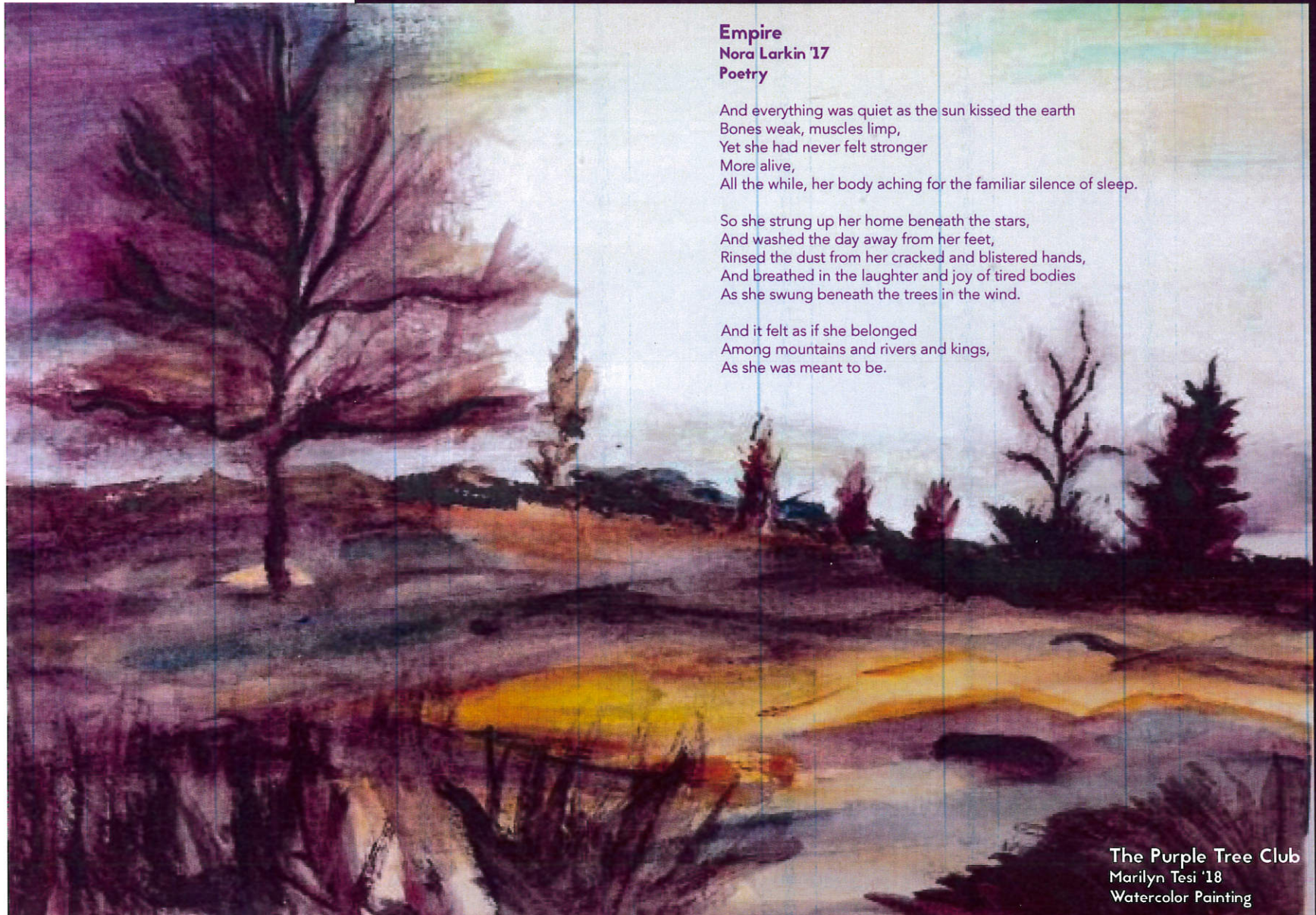
FADE TO BLACK.

48

49

3/16/14
Caleigh Andrews '17
Ink Drawing





Empire
Nora Larkin '17
Poetry

And everything was quiet as the sun kissed the earth
Bones weak, muscles limp,
Yet she had never felt stronger
More alive,
All the while, her body aching for the familiar silence of sleep.

So she strung up her home beneath the stars,
And washed the day away from her feet,
Rinsed the dust from her cracked and blistered hands,
And breathed in the laughter and joy of tired bodies
As she swung beneath the trees in the wind.

And it felt as if she belonged
Among mountains and rivers and kings,
As she was meant to be.

The Purple Tree Club
Marilyn Tesi '18
Watercolor Painting

52

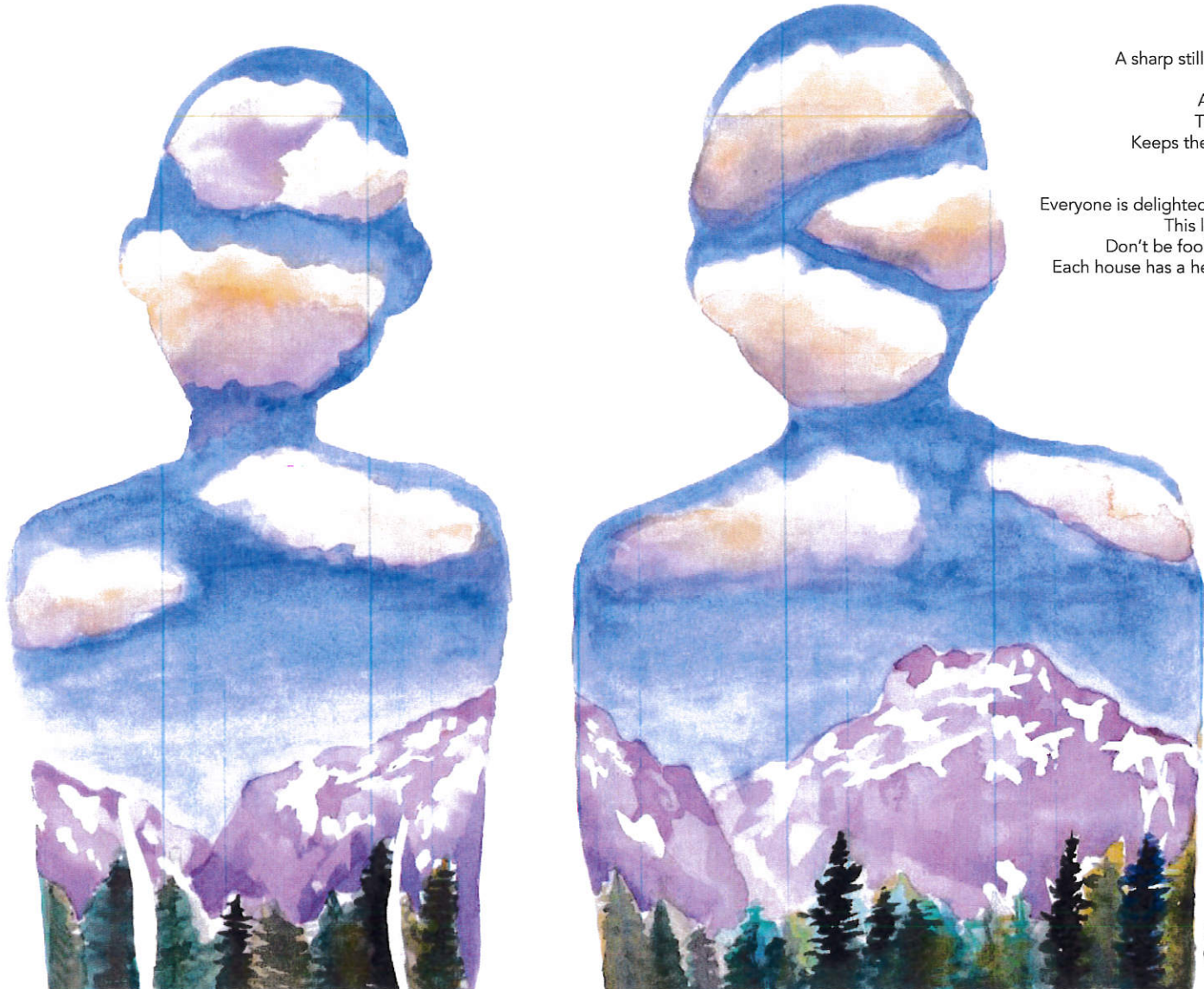
53

Avondale
Michael Levesque '16
Poetry

Lonely paved paths accompany
 Desolate deserts of grass.
 It is a beautiful
 Boring
 Bungalow
 Where nothing seems to amass.

Come here for a brief break.
 Welcome to my hidden gem.
 Here you'll find a fanciful community
 From which wonders stem.

Neighbors neglect conversations.
 Waves
 Smiles
 Are all you get.
 We are strangers and neighbors-
 Which is considerably odd one can
 admit.



A sharp stillness corrodes the air.
 Listen.
 All sounds are extinct.
 This terrible tranquility
 Keeps the villagers interlinked.

Everyone is delighted with their residence.
 This life is a dry dust bowl.
 Don't be fooled by the face value.
 Each house has a heart and a lovely soul.

**A Couple With
 Their Head Full
 of Clouds**
 (inspired by Salvador Dali)
 Caleigh Andrews '17
 Watercolor Painting

54

55

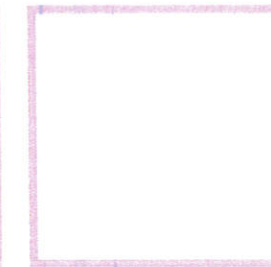
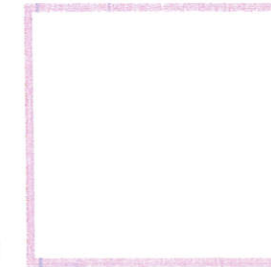
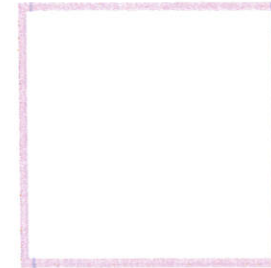
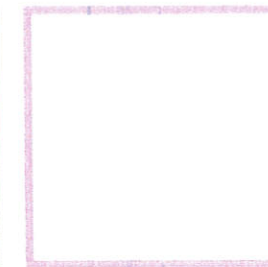
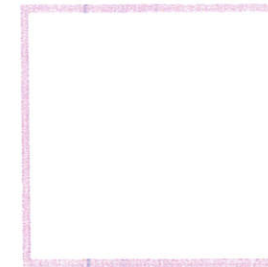
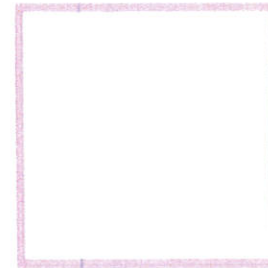
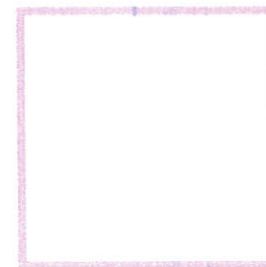
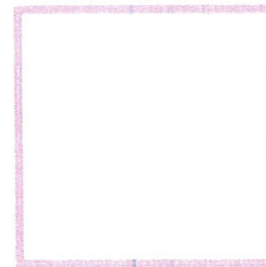
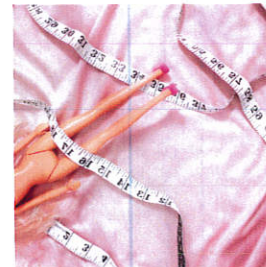
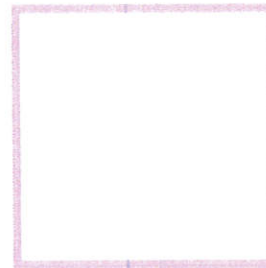
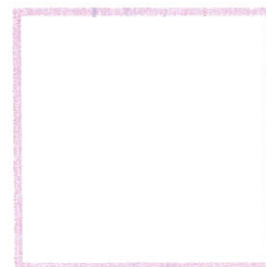
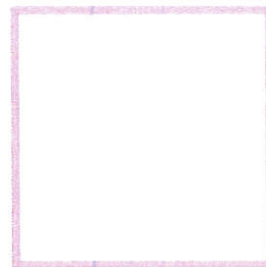
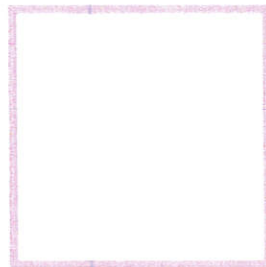
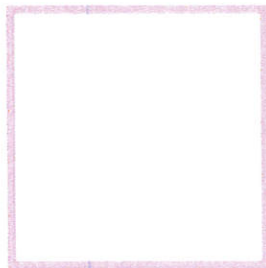
Strawberry Milkshake
Caroline Kirchberg '18
Poetry

She could never handle it. She
 could barely handle the tube of
 red lipstick that graced her fin-
 gertips or the strawberry milk-
 shake that was melting in the
 summer heat.

In those days, everything was
 sort of dreamy. She felt trapped
 inside a storm of cotton- candy
 clouds, a hazy landscape con-
 sisting of herself and anything
 else that she felt didn't have a
 purpose.

She was never a lost-cause,
 however. At night underneath
 warm sheets, feet on edge she
 was never a lost-cause and even
 in the early morning behind her
 blush and toothpaste gums,
 she was never a lost-cause.

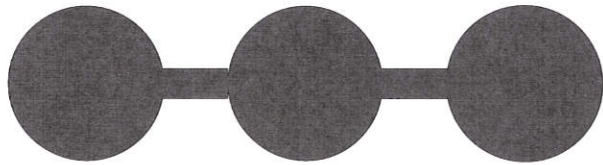
But if she cared, she'd be drink-
 ing less pink lemonade and if
 you were to ask, she'd tell you
 disasters don't cause them-
 selves. The fact is that if you
 looked, you would find her
 blowing kisses like birthday
 candles and if there's one thing
 she's not, it's lost.



Since the Beginning
Sara Mantich '18
Digital Photography

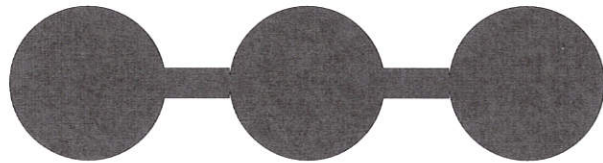
56

57



Early Mo(u)rning
Tyler Daniels '17
Poetry

i was taken from a halfsleep by the pain in my tender side,
ceiling fan faults falling
from the parts between my broken teeth, dripping
like honey onto unwashed sheets that i will change by sunday
before the serving of communion wine and my unholy repentance



Ellie
Oliver Caarr '16
Digital Drawing

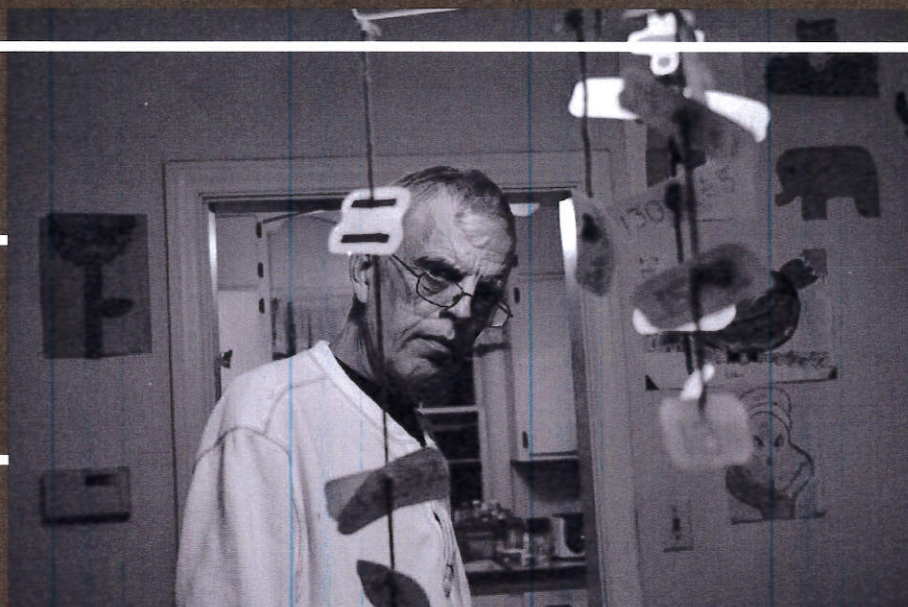
58

59

Clarifying Impediments

Emma Somers '16

Digital Photography



What It's Like To Be A Practical Wishful Traveler

Brynn Keller '16

Poetry

A day in the life of a Practical Wishful Traveller
Is spent in the millions of miles
(Between both of my ears)
Marching across mountains that have no intention of
Piercing the monotonous Midwest

A day in the life of a Practical Wishful Traveller
Is highlighted by the black and white, coffee table,
travel books
Paged through, Post-It noted
The favorite destinations recorded
In a scrapbook, caringly constructed

A day in the life of a Practical Wishful Traveller
Is almost wholly vicarious -
Though they remain unseen by my irises,
Powdered-sugar-tipped waves lap at my psyche
Cobbled streets windthroughmymind
Reflecting from my screen, tinted with artifice.

A day in the life of a Practical Wishful Traveller
Is filled with lists:
1001 Places to See Before You Die
50 Most Beautiful Hikes
Best Cities to Live In
Possibilities, adventure waiting to begin

A Practical Wishful Traveller
Must be pragmatic, planning for two futures.
Realisticjob - Realisticpriorities.
While looking to minor in German
Just in case ...

Because no one has the
timemoneyfreedomopportunity
To do all the things I've imagined
While wishing

Play
Mary Wilkie '17
Fiction

Sunday March 6th, 11:42 A.M.
Running up the rusty metal steps, Jonah heard nothing except the train above him slowly starting up again, inciting the dread to pulse through his veins. If he had to wait even five minutes for the next train, he would undoubtedly be late. As he approached the platform, his body flooded with relief when he saw the sign indicating that the next train would arrive two minutes until the next train. With nothing to do but wait, he unraveled a tangle of wires from his old leather bag, marked with scratches and stains from years of being carelessly strewn about. He carefully put his headphones on, still panting from the rush to the station, warily noting the people around him. Removing himself from the crowd gathering under the heat lamps, Jonah leaned on the railing at the edge of the platform watching the people below unknowingly move to the melody of Mozart's Sonata K. 457. A woman chased her son as the first eight measures sang the piece's changing melody in the theme, first aggressive: the mother, then sneaky: the child. As the next phrase began, he noticed a young woman running quickly, deliberately, as the piano's melody moved swiftly to reach the peak of the phrase. Her ponytail swung to the tempo, following the base line of the music; with

each beat, her hair appeared frozen in the air for the short millisecond in which the note was emphasized. When the theme returned he shifted his gaze back to the woman and child. As she scolded her son, Jonah caught sight of a lonely looking middle-aged man walking an overweight bulldog, trotting to the major scales in Mozart's work, without a leash. Jonah continued to divert his stare to whomever seemed fit in that moment of music, listening intently to the piece he would perform 18 minutes later.

Monday December 21, 4:37 P.M.

"You're out of school for the season, correct?" Harley, Jonah's piano teacher of seven years distractedly asked him as he flipped through his planner that had become so stuffed with excess papers and post-it notes that it nearly burst at the seams.

Jonah, entranced by the flipping pages yellowed with age, muttered, "Uh-huh."
"So, you'll have loads of time to practice then," Harley replies, peering knowingly at Jonah over his wire-framed glasses that he had probably owned since 1992.

Snapping out of it, Jonah stuttered, "Oh, yeah. Right, of course."

"Great!" Harley said over enthusiastically, making his fiery-red beard waver, "Then you'll have loads of time to practice for the Avette Competition. It's not until March so you have some time, but you're going to have to register for it in the next couple

of weeks. There's a cash prize, so that might be a nice little motivator. I'll email you the link. Now you don't have much repertoire at the moment since you recently started this book, but how is your Sonata going?" Jonah, heart dropping, thought about his Sonata. The unbalanced scales and the troublesome sequences, the section of eighth rests and eighth notes. None of his other pieces were challenging enough to actually have a chance at winning, so he knew he had no choice. Jonah replied, "It's getting there."
"Great! Play it for me." He gingerly flipped to the paper clipped page in his book, and glanced up at Harley, busily jotting down illegible notes in his mess of a notebook, while his fingers hovered above the keys. Judah was determined to fix the difficulties he faced with this piece, so he cleared his mind and played.

Sunday March 6, 11:45 A.M.

The train wasn't there yet. Having watched the clock and the tracks intently for the last two minutes, Jonah heart started racing, ready to explode in his chest. Finally, the train approached the platform, the sounds of slowing metal on metal clashing with the urgency Mozart's Sonata. Rushing onto the third car, Jonah, nearly bashing his head on one of the poles, tripped on the lift of the train from the platform. Red faced and embarrassed, Jonah sat in the corner of the car, closed his eyes, listened, and hoped that the train's conductor was the fastest of all the CTA

employees.
Saturday January 2, 8:38 P.M.
"Jonah's been practicing real hard lately, haven't you, honey?" Jonah's mother Karen bragged to her sisters, making Jonah blush, as they sat at the crooked table in his grandparents' kitchen sipping coffee.

"Well then, Jonah, why don't you play us a little tune?"

"Oh, yeah, Jonah, play something for us!"

"C'mon, Jonah, for Gram's 85th, how 'bout it, kiddo?"

"Oh please do, Jonah, it would be so lovely!"

Trapped, Jonah always dreaded playing their creaky old piano with its yellowing keys, dusty and out of tune. He glanced around, desperately looking for any way out, but instead he found the expression on his mom's face, silently pleading with him to play. Her sisters were always bragging about how wonderful their lives were while Karen, always struggling to keep a job, lived in a tiny apartment with her two sons. Jonah's grandpa, only other one who understood his deep lack of enthusiasm, shrugged as if saying, "What can you do?" giving Jonah the assurance he needed to please him mom, sit on the bench, gaze at his fingers hovering above the keys, and play.

Sunday March 6, 11:54 A.M.

Jonah was scheduled to play before a panel of highly experienced pianist judges in six minutes. He had six minutes to get from the metal revolving gate on the platform to room

As the next phrase began, he noticed a young woman running quickly, deliberately, as the piano's melody moved swiftly to reach the peak of the phrase. Her ponytail swung to the tempo, following the base line of the music; with each beat, her hair appeared frozen in the air for the short millisecond in which the note was emphasized.

412 of the Fine Arts Building, music open before the judges, hands poised above the keys. Having shoved his headphones back into his ancient bag, he ran. He could focus on nothing but the colors of the streetlights and the words on the street signs. Jonah pushed through the crowds, turning onto the wide sidewalk of Michigan Avenue, head down, grimacing as he pushed against the wind and made his way to the old, stone building in which he would soon be playing.

Wednesday February 17, 9:34 A.M.

Jonah was learning about logarithms. Well, he was supposed to be learning about logarithms; he was really trying to write out the first eight measures of his Sonata, which, without a piano in front of him, was significantly harder than expected.

Suddenly, Jonah felt a shadow descend upon him. "Please, not today," he thought. 'On second thoughts, not any day.'

Well acquainted with the

disapproving glare of Mr. lagori, Jonah ignored it and tried hard to avoid confrontation. As the bell rang, he made a run for the door and had nearly tip-toed out of the classroom, but as his foot was about to step on the ugly hallway tiles, Mr. lagori called him back, "Oh, Jonah, hold on a second, will you?" As if he had a choice. Groaning inwardly, Jonah slowly sauntered his way back to Mr. lagori's desk as the students passing him snickered—one having audibly snorted.

"I noticed you weren't doing any work today, Mr. Macalister. Although, I shouldn't be surprised, this is far from unusual," he said, ignoring the passing noises.

"No, sir, I was doing work," Jonah responded. Silence. Glare. "Math work."

"Oh, in that case, no I wasn't doing any work."

Glancing around to make sure the classroom was empty, Mr. lagori collapsed a little, pleading, "Please, Jonah, why do you need to play the 'rebellious teen' in my class? I know for a fact you aren't like

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this with your other teachers." Silence.

"Do you want an answer?"

"JONAH, come on, work with me! I need you to just--"

"I get it, I just need to do what everybody else is doing. Aye aye, captain," Jonah mock saluted Mr. Iagori and bolted out of the classroom.

Sunday March 6, 11:57 A.M.

Panting in front of the Fine Arts Building, Jonah yanked open the door, ignored bewildered stares from strangers in the lobby, and jumped into an open elevator, which saved him from having to sprint up four flights of stairs. He signaled to the operator that he needed to get to the fourth floor, breathless from the run; the operator's kind face showed his understanding as he hurriedly closed the gates of the man-operated elevators in this exceptional historic building.

Jonah studied the elderly man in his sport coat and tie, sitting happily on the provided stool. His content grin gave his wrinkles wrinkles. Once he could breathe, Jonah asked the man, "How long have you been working here, sir?"

Unfazed by Jonah's curiosity, "57 years next week. I've loved every day of it."

"What do you love about it so much? If you don't mind me asking," Jonah wondered aloud, embarrassed by his very personal questions.

"Oh don't kid yourself. It's the people. The people that come into this building are some of the kindest and most

interesting that I have ever met."

Jonah was astounded. He spent several moments thinking about the cause for this man's happiness, unaware of the silence in the elevator.

Then, quietly, the operator asked, "Are you ready?"

Eyes burning straight through Jonah's, he knew that even if he tried to lie, this man would know. So he sighed and said, "I don't know."

Friday February 26, 9:43 P.M.

"Jonah...Jonah!...

JONAH!"

Scrambling onto the creaky hardwood floor of his bedroom, Jonah ran down the hall into his bright little kitchen where his mom was listening to bizarre folk music and dancing while scooping vanilla ice cream into two bowls.

"I thought someone was robbing us," he tells him mom sarcastically, "But since there's ice cream, I guess I'll stick around."

She smiled, saying, "You little brat," as she handed him a bowl.

While Karen bent into the fridge to get the whipped cream out, Jonah reached into a cabinet to get the Ovaltine. With the singer's deep voice accompanied softly by a guitar enveloping them, they began their process. Jonah scooped a mound of Ovaltine onto his ice cream and Karen sprayed some whipped cream on top of hers. Jonah offered her his bowl, and she smiled, the corners of her eyes crinkling. As she quickly mixed the Ovaltine into his ice

cream, Jonah sprayed whipped cream into his mouth.

"Jonah!" Karen exclaimed, hitting lightly on his arm.

He shrugged, causing Karen to laugh, a light, twinkling kind of laugh that Jonah hadn't heard for a while. It sounded familiar. It sounded nice.

Sunday March 6, 12:01 A.M.

Jonah simultaneously thanked the man Sal in the elevator, assuring him that he would wait for that elevator when he came back down, and ran out to get to the registration desk. Shaking, he walked up to the desk--more like a folding table with a sheet of paper taped to it--and quietly spoke to the woman checking the performers in.

"Macalister, Jonah," he said.

Rapidly scanning the sheet, the stern-looking woman at the desk said, "You're late. The judges are running late, however, so please take a seat around the corner."

Sighing with relief, Jonah sank into the chair across from room 412 and finally began to worry about his performance. He knew the Sonata well, but as he thought about what might happen, he began to feel more and more nauseous.

As he sat contemplating the best way to keep his breakfast down, the elevator dinged, signaling its arrival. He heard a soft murmur at the end of the hall then the sound of muffled footsteps on the carpeted hallway. He looked up and coming towards him was

girl dragging behind her a large instrument in a hard blue case. She was in no way struggling with it, making it clear that she had been playing whatever instrument that was for a long while.

She smiled at him, sat down, and sighed. "How's it going?"

Jonah glanced at her face, freckled and kind, and said, "Well, you know, just trying not to vomit."

She laughed, surprised by his answer. "I completely understand. This stuff is worse than performances. At least there everyone thinks you're amazing no matter how you really play. These people actually know what they're talking about."

"Plus, there's this cash prize. What is it, \$500?"

"Yeah, it's pretty awesome. It does put a lot of pressure on just one piece, though. But I could really use a new bow for my cello, so winning would definitely be ideal."

Jonah, wondering how he would be able to sneak the money to his mom if by some unlikely chance he ended up winning, was about to respond when a voice came from the doorway across the hall.

"Jonah?"

Both Jonah and the girl jumped, neither having heard the door open. Jonah got up.

"Good luck, Jonah," he heard from behind him. He glanced back at her freckled face and smiled before the door clicked closed behind him.

"Hello, Jonah," said a man sitting at the table about

four feet from the piano.

"I'll take your music." Jonah handed him his thick book of Mozart Sonatas open to the page on which he recently numbered all of the measures.

"You can warm up, if you like."

"I think I'm just going to start, if that's ok."

"Of course. Whenever you're ready."

So Jonah sat at the bench, hands in his lap. Looking at the chipped paint on the comfortably worn down piano, he picked up his hands, placed them on the keys, and began to play.

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Where I'm From
Diego Vasquez '16
Poetry

Where I'm from, we work weekdays and weekends
Without stopping.
Working sun up to sun down,
Working
For a better future.

Where I'm from, we can't be out too late.
Guns clapping from 61st Ct,
From Lombard to 26th St,
Clapping till they hit an innocent kid.

Where I'm from, life doesn't stop at 9pm.
People party past 9pm to 4am.
People don't care, people do as they please
Where I'm from.

Where I'm from, kids ride their bike and play football in the summer.
As the sun hides behind the rooftops,
Kids tiptoe back home, afraid of waking up the
Drug dealers and gangbangers who pop out of the ground at night.
Like snakes coming out of their holes at night to hunt,
To hunt for survival, for territory, for power.

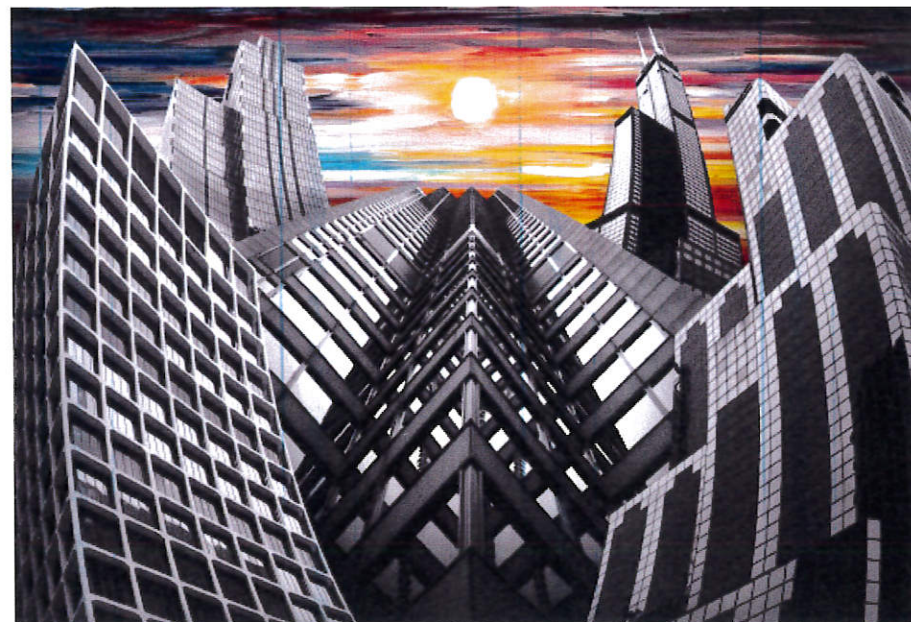
Where I'm from, no one goes hungry.
Tacos are always cooking on the block.
On weekends, grills are roaring hot in every yard.
We always invite the hungry because
Scripture says to "feed the hungry."
Because where I'm from, we believe in God.
We believe in the Virgin Mary.
We are a community of faith.

Where I'm from, cars line the streets on both sides.
Expensive trucks with huge 28s,
Old cars with rusting paint,
Trees reaching to the stars,
Escaping the darkness of the street.

Where I'm from, Pancho and his wife sit on their porch,
Looking out for the neighborhood,
Like lions looking out for their family,
With sharp eyes like a hawk.

Nathan runs wildly like a tiger set free from its cage.
Dominic skates around the block.

Where I'm from, we work weekdays and weekends
Without stopping.
We build houses,
Fix cars,
Paint walls,
Build roofs,
Fix computers,
Produce music,
And work in construction.
Cicero is
Where I'm from.



Right: Untitled
Joel Alvarez-Rinconeno '16
Mixed Media

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The Lightness

Kate Lohnes '16

Prose Fiction

Jim Gershwin was 45 when he dropped dead while making salmon for his family.

They always had salmon on Tuesdays.

He was making salmon when he just fell down and died. Dropped dead. Kaput.

"You couldn't have finished dinner first?" said Mrs. Gershwin.

Nothing was wrong with Jim. Other than the fact that he was dead, of course. To put it politely, he was an average guy. To put it truthfully, he was insufferably boring.

The doctors were puzzled.

"Doesn't appear to be heart related..." said one. "He eats plenty of greens."

"Definitely not his brain..." said another. "He obviously does his sudoku."

"Everything seems to be in order..." Said the fattest of the three. "How boringly normal."

After gutting Jim like a salmon with no result they decided to put him in a casket.

The Gershwins buried Jim on a Tuesday then went promptly home to have some salmon.

They always had salmon on Tuesdays.

The second his heart stopped Jim's mind went blank. But it wasn't blank per say. In fact it its blankness it was rather unending. The neurons in his brain became comets zipping past the back of his eyeballs and though he was void of thought he was full of something else And he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

The darkness behind his eyelids became illuminated by racing asteroids and all at once he felt as if the entire universe had been shoved into his head through his ears.

Constellations mixed with galaxies riddled the cavities in his brain and though his heart was no longer pumping he felt the blood course through his veins like a cold river breaking through a dam.

All of a sudden amidst the blackness he felt himself shrink infinitesimally small and disintegrate into the earth below him all while he felt himself expand universally in size and fade into the stars he had once come from. He had become a single atom; yet he had become a microcosm. He was both unsettled and at peace. Both broken and whole. Skeptical, yet so sure.

Mrs. Gershwin slept alone for the socially appropriate

amount of time then took up a new lover named Antonio.

Antonio was from Greece. Mrs. Gershwin loved feta cheese.

They had so much in common.

When he came to, Jim found himself amidst a world he had never known. His eyes grazed upon the land around him and it felt unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

The world was white. It looked white. It felt white. It smelled white it sounded white it tasted white. It was white in every sense of the word and Jim wasn't sure how this could be but at the same time he felt that nothing in his life had ever made this much sense.

Jim watched as he caressed the white air around him and he noticed that with each movement he made he became just as white as the world he was now engulfed in. he felt the whiteness kiss his arms and heard it sing soft melodies to calm his heart and Jim was happy.

Jim was so happy.

Little Tommy Gershwin was kicked out of his preschool class for drawing a mustache on a kid

while he was sleeping.

"Is this because you miss your dad?" Asked the counselor.

"Antonio makes better salmon." Said Tommy.

Jim loved his white world. He danced and felt the whiteness dance around him, he inhaled and felt the whiteness fill his lungs like blooming lilies in the meadow that was his chest. His favorite was when he sang.

When he sang the whiteness vibrated his eardrums sending whiteness through his veins and into his bloodstream. He liked to feel the whiteness of the world dance with the whiteness of his blood.

Suddenly, as Jim was dancing and singing amidst the whiteness, the whiteness all around him began to fade. He danced but he could not feel the whiteness kiss his skin. He inhaled and something different filled his lungs. When he sang, there was a terrifying rush through his bloodstream.

Antonio proposed to Mrs. Gershwin today.

It's a very nice ring. So nice Mrs. Gershwin actually bought it herself.

The world turned black. It looked black, it sounded black it tasted black it smelled black. But the worst was that it felt black.

Jim decided that black is the worst feeling anyone has ever felt. The blackness would embrace him and shoot daggers down his spine and send rocks into his gut leaving him breathless.

When he managed to take a breath, each left him with needles in his throat and pins in his lungs and he felt as if the blood he no longer had was spilling out onto the floor.

When he whispered for help the black infiltrated his ears and sent blackness into his brain, flooding his thoughts with black and drowning his brain in thoughts that were even more painful than the blackness itself.

When he tried to dance the blackness sent shards of black into his being, piercing him with blackness everywhere.

Jim sat and saw that the whiteness his very being once was had turned black. The blackness had infiltrated all he was and he was nothing more than the blackness that surrounded him.

And Jim felt desolate.

Little Tommy Gershwin is going to be the ringbearer at Mrs. Gershwin and Antonio's wedding.

They got him a dog as a thank-you.

Jim sat in the blackness. Not breathing, not speaking, and definitely not moving. He was terrified of the blackness and was terrified of himself. He sat. And he waited.

Suddenly, the blackness around him began to fade. He was so excited he began to sing. But nothing came out. He tried to dance, but felt nothing in the world around him.

He inhaled deeply, but nothing filled his lungs.

The world had become nothingness. It smelled like nothing. It tasted like nothing. It felt and sounded and looked like nothing.

It was nothing. And Jim wasn't sure how he felt.

Antonio threw a plate at Mrs. Gershwin-Alopolous tonight. She accused him of cheating.

He was.

So was she.

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Tommy made a mosaic of the broken shards.

Jim looked down at his hands to find them sinking into the nothingness around him. He watched as his body became nothingness, fading into the background.

The nothingness wasn't so bad. It wasn't so good, either. Jim felt empty. He felt tired.

He felt nothing.

Tommy's dog got hit by a car today.

"Do you want a new dog?"
Asked Mrs. Gershwin-Alopolous.

"Do you want a new husband?" Said Tommy.

In the middle of the nothingness there was a voice. It woke Jim like a feather to the nose and he shot up immediately to find the hum.

He looked all around the nothingness.

But there was nothing.

Still it whispered into his ear secrets of eternity, secrets of the whiteness and the blackness and the nothing.

It told him that he was not nothing, that he was not blackness, but he was also not whiteness.

It told him not to be afraid. That the world is his now, he just needs accept it.

Jim sat silently for a moment. Before he could even voice his decision the world around him changed.

All of a sudden the nothingness was banished and all Jim's eyes could see was a blinding sphere enveloping the entirety of the world he had come to know. Tears streamed down his face as he danced in the lightness and the lightness danced in him.

It was better than the whiteness.
It was better.

Mrs. Gershwin-Alapolous and Antonio got a divorce.

Tommy chose to stay with Antonio.

"He makes better salmon,"
Said Tommy.

Jim danced in the lightness and felt the lightness fill his lungs with each breath. He sang and melodies of love spewed from his mouth like the emotion that overflowed from his heart. The lightness overtook him and he felt himself disintegrate into the world but he was not afraid.

He was becoming lightness.

Jim was the lightness.

The End



Black Hole
Olivia Gaweda '16
Acrylic Painting

Darling,

I found you after I lost myself.
To what? Why none other than myself.
Who better to be my greatest enemy
Than the person I spent my life making?
Who better to whisper paranoia
And declare confidence than he
Who thinks he has to have one and can't afford the other?

So I moved on, thinking I was there when I never really was.
Thought nothing of it, hardly noticed.
My first mistake.
I feared the unknown and you were the
Most beautiful unknown I had ever encountered
Flawless, beyond comparison.
I was and still am absolutely enamored.

I soon found that I trusted you more than I trusted me
And therein was the problem.
You could have killed me a thousand times
And I would have forgiven you a thousand and one.
You clearly would have had a reason...right?
My second mistake.
You knew me so well and lacked the biases I held towards myself.
Naturally, you had to be a good consultant As the surreal drug I could never quit,
The therapist I never knew I needed. Surprisingly, I was right for once.

I should have said something sooner.
I feared losing you because I feared rejection
From someone who held the heart I hid away.
I convinced myself it was inevitable.
I convinced myself I was already at fault.
I convinced myself that I could fix it.
My third mistake.

I now understand that my fear was natural.
It was my dislike of rejection compounding
My dislike of failure,
Both of which are nothing but conjecture.
I'm done forcing myself to live in hypotheticals
And laying myself out into a metaphorical stretcher. From reality I came and to it I return
And thus, I've finally made my grand discovery. I could only have done it without you,
The truth of the matter is this...
I loved myself.
I loved you more.
I've figured it out.
Thank you.
I had to lose you to find myself.

"Tell me you love me And tell me you mean it.
The truth can set you free But only if you believe it."

The truth of the matter is this...

I loved myself.

I loved you more

I've figured it out.

Thank you.

You love me.

Discovery
Bryce Leggett '16
Poetry



Water's Edge
Lizzie Loftus '17
Digital Photography

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Untitled
Evan Schmitt '17
Photography

Dormant Eyes
Brigid McNally '16
Poem

dormant souls and glassy eyes stare at the stars
blinking, admiring
feeling

numb finger tips drag against painted, wilting, white
wood
splintering, cringing
feeling

beaming hearts pound in rhythm with their company
breaking, repairing
feeling

dry throats breathe in the crisp air of coming winter
inhaling, exhaling
feeling

chattering teeth smile with the most immense sincerity
living, loving
feeling

broken persons become whole again on a balcony in the
dawn
being, wanting
feeling

flowery sunrises put an end to the mind's night
changing, elevating
feeling

life picks us up and knocks us down so beautifully
hurting, glowing
feeling

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An Open Letter to My Favorite Problematic Customers

Grace Troy '16

Creative Nonfiction

Dear Valued(ish) Customers who talk to me, yell at me, make physical contact with me, tell me how to do my job or in general, annoy me:

We have a problem.

I have been at this hostessing thing for about a year now and I have some issues that need to be addressed. After working four summers as a waitress, hostess, dishwasher, and general employee, I have come to notice several things that you do that make my doing of an already demanding job even more difficult. In general, working at a restaurant is not easy or very enjoyable. Therefore, I have constructed a small list of suggestions/solutions to your irksome behavior that should be enacted before the summer season.

1. Conversation is not needed.

I, Grace Troy, am not your friend. There is very little need for our conversation to extend past how many people are in your party and what time you would like to eat. It may come as a surprise, but I do not need to hear about how your son was throwing up so you have to push your dinner reservation until 8:30. I would like to keep our interaction very limited.

You and I do not need to have a little pow-wow about our life stories. It's great that your son also went to Ignatius, but I really don't care, especially when the restaurant is packed and I'm trying to seat your party of 12. I will smile politely, but just know the smile is fake. I do not want to listen to you talk about yourself, especially not after several drinks that night.

Please do not stop me and ask me questions about myself. I mean do you honestly care? You don't know me. Let's just keep the relationship simple; I'll show you to your seat and then I'll smile when you leave later in the night. That's it! So we don't have to converse this coming summer, let's just get this out of the way, here are some answers to some frequently asked questions: I am old enough to work, I do live in Long Beach, I am going to college next year, no I do not want to discuss possible majors with you, yes high school is good. Any other questions that you might have for me, let's just leave them unanswered; keep a little mystery in the relationship.

2. Physical contact should never happen.

Here's the thing: I don't know you. You don't know me. Therefore, placing your hand(s) on me is not appreciated. While you might see touching my shoulder or going in for the casual side hug as normal, I do not find it necessary.

Let's get something straight: I do not like physical contact.

I mean, truly I don't even let my mother hug me, so what makes you think I will let you touch me? In short, No Thank You. This summer, let's go for a two foot minimum for space. I'll stand at the hostess stand and if you get close to me I shall back away quickly and deliberately. You have been warned.

I now speak directly you to you sir, Don Party of 8. I understand that you were very happy that I

managed to get you a table, even though you didn't have a reservation—like you were supposed to, but whatever Don, I can work magic—but, under no circumstances was that sweaty side hug necessary. You seem like a nice guy, but a simple thank you could have worked.

No need to touch me. Ever.

3. Mind your Alcohol.

While there is nothing I like more than having to watch you stumble out of the restaurant after almost a bottle of wine and who knows what else beforehand, please mind your alcohol consumption, especially those of you who start drinking at lunch. I do not think anyone needs 2 bottles of wine among three people at 2 in the afternoon. But hey, what do I know? All I can say is that if you can't make it the 20 feet to the parking lot then maybe, just maybe, you've had too much.

To the group of college looking girls: when you start drunkenly yelling at people within the restaurant, it's time to go. Take the party elsewhere. Trust me, working is stressful enough without having to dodge you flailing arms as I try to set a plate down. I do not need the headache of explaining to my boss why the pizza ended up on the floor. Reel in the drunken behavior.

To reiterate, I do not want my hand grabbed your drunken state. If you can't figure out how to drink and not make my job harder, why don't we just eliminate the part where you get tipsy and grabby and want to speak to me.

Watch how much you drink or drink at home.

4. I am not Mother Nature.

Believe it or not, I do not control the weather. I know it is hard to believe, but I do not decide whether your dinner is going to be ruined. When you and your party of 25 come in dripping wet, demanding to be seated inside, I would like the accusatory tone gone. First, who brings 25 people to dinner? I don't even know 25 people to invite to a dinner!

Secondly, I told you you were sitting outside. Have you seen the restaurant? There are maybe 40 seats in the whole place. I apologize, but you can not take up the whole place.

Thirdly, did I make the rain happen? No! So, the tone needs to go. I will do all that I can, but let's just remember that blaming me for something like the weather is not going to end well for you: I control the seating.

5. You are not all knowing; don't try to tell me what to do.

I do not care how many restaurants you have worked in. You have not worked here and I can manage my job myself, thank you. When I come out front after bussing the table I'm setting for you, I do not appreciate walking out to see you leafing through my seating chart. Saying "Oh, we were just checking, sweetie" does not help your situation. If you want to try to manage my floor chart, I will seat you in the parking lot.

Please don't question where I am seating you. The reason you can't have the table you want is because someone else has already made a reservation days previous to you coming in here demanding the corner table. Although you are making a strong case to dislike you, don't think that I have some vendetta against you and won't give you a table, there is a method to the madness and you should keep your paws off.

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Congrats on Life
Sara Mantich '18
Digital Photography



6. You are not better at math than me.

If you would like to argue over whether I added up the bill correctly, I can fight you all day, so don't. I am in calculus and I know how to add your 15 dollar pizza and 9 dollar glass of wine together. It's 24 dollars in case you were wondering. Even if you doubt my math, I have this revolutionary tool called a calculator that I do use to double check.

Demanding for me to re-add on the calculator is fine; however, when I get the same number, please don't get defensive. In no way is grabbing the calculator and doing it yourself after I got the same number okay. In fact, it is a big no-no. Storming away when you get the exact same number is also not necessary. I even write the prices next to every item on the bill, so next time there is confusion, add it on your phone before you complain.

And please don't yell at me for the tax price. It is not the Grace Troy tax. It baffles me that you think bills will come out at a flat price. If you have a problem paying 7 cents on the dollar, take it up with the state of Indiana, I'm sure they'd love to hear it.

7. Do not yell at me, I am (usually) not to blame.

I do not make your food. I do not control what time it comes out. React accordingly.

I will check several times on the cook time if you think it will make it go any faster, but it won't help things. You know what really won't help things?... yelling at me when your pickup order is 20 minutes late. Nothing makes me happier than being cussed out in the middle of my work night. Really, it's a bit annoying. Honestly you cursing at me, sir, doesn't hurt my feelings, it slows me down. I have things to do, tables to set, and listening to you use the F word directed at me, my boss, and my place of business several time is not one of the things I have to do.

What am I supposed to do walk away?

No, I'll stand and listen. It won't speed up your order, trust me. Next time, instead of yelling at me for things outside of my control you have two options:

A) Walk over and yell at the kitchen staff. I highly discourage this, because they honestly all scare me and they will most likely give it right back

Or

B) Do the thing every other dissatisfied customer does. Write a review on Yelp.

My job is not glamorous. I get to clean bathrooms, mop the floor and scrape half eaten food off your plates. If we could work together and achieve some of these requests, that would make this upcoming summer much more enjoyable. If you do not wish to make these changes, that's fine. Just remember, as of now I control the seating chart and bad behavior does not get rewarded. Your reservation could be recorded improperly and you might have to wait hours on end for a table. I am not making threats, but please note, I hold the power in this relationship. I look forward to meeting the new and improved customer I know you can be.

Here's to some change,

Grace Troy

Ink Stained Pages
Kate Hull '19
Poetry

ink stained pages,
Covered with the words of history makers
and world changers.
The private thoughts
of those who aren't with us
anymore.

Often ignored, even forgotten,
We say these pages are preserved,
but these pages have yet to be read.
They dissolve into our veins,
unnoticed but omnipresent.

If these
ink stained pages
are destroyed,
How will we react?
Will they be preserved in our Memory?
Or simply remembered as some old documents from so long ago?
Will we forget the
ink stained pages
That represent so much of our
What is a person without a history?

However, here they stay,
Silently hoping to be immortalized.
And what will happen when we are gone?
What will happen when we are reduced to
ink stained pages?
History?
Waiting

Right: Untitled
Joel Alvarez-Rinconeno '16
Digital Photography

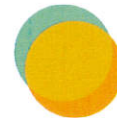
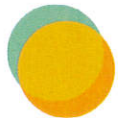




I Am Mine
Sara Mantich '18
Digital Photography

Chariot's Race
Genevieve Fisher '17
Poetry

Black skies against the yellow bricks
 They lead nowhere but toward the hidden stars where dreams lie
 Gleaming above the layer of progress humanity has formed
 Lost beyond, shielded from our eyes
 Those skies, constant reminders of the shifting time
 The colors I've seen, the days endured
 The days lived
 Blue skies reflected off of glass panes, allowing galaxies observe as we evolve
 The eyes of gods cannot be blinded
 Smiles hidden like the treasures forged in the Beginning
 Earth radiates the glow of rejuvenation
 Emits the glow of defeat
 As I continue the never ending search into the night.



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Mirrors
George Moynihan '19
Short Story

All I have to my name is the house I inherited when my parents died. It is not the house I would have picked with its damp basement, creaky stairs and cramped rooms. Not that I would have picked the life I have either. I have no family and my future looks as bleak as my past. A sense of underachievement came when I compared my self to old acquaintances. During the high school reunion that I just returned home from, it was evident that my accomplishments fell short of everybody else's. All of my former friends were doctors or local politicians, some were even lawyers. When asked what I had done with my life I only had one response, passively saying nothing, after all it was the truth. After high school, I had become lazy. I had inherited money and I had no reason to care about being unemployed. After many years, I realized that I did not want to be lazy my whole life. However, I was a forty-year-old man who did not go to college, so options for life improvement were scarce. I had no friends, family or career. On this night of my reunion, I pondered what to do with my life. I ended up doing what I had done my whole life, nothing, I decided to go to bed.

On my way to bed, I went into the one nice room of my house, the bathroom, with its tiled floors, large shower, and two intriguing mirrors. As I splashed my face with ice-cold water to erase the marks of the disappointing day, I found myself gazing into the mirror. In that mirror's reflection I could see the other mirror in the bathroom. This other mirror was, in turn, reflecting the first mirror creating an illusion. These mirrors were also reflecting myself in the picture, so my reflection went on into infinity. I found this fascinating and continued to stare into the mirror in front of me. I focused on the reflection one away from the immediate reflection. In that image, I saw a version of myself with grayer hair and wrinkles. This portrayal of myself looked more mature than I did, like the kind of person that had a career and was responsible. I looked longingly at this reflection then I realized what I was doing. I was not about to start to change my life by thinking about what I could be. I needed sleep. I went off to bed feeling confused but with some hope

from the image I had seen. I got the best sleep I had in years.

The next morning I woke up feeling more stiff and tired than usual. Still groggy, I stood up to use the bathroom and found it was harder to move than usual. Brushing my teeth, I momentarily looked up into the mirror and was alarmed by what I saw. There I was, yet it was not I, or at least not how I used to look. In the mirror was the older version of me from the mirror last night. Looking down at my hands I saw they were wrinkled and I had also lost some of my now very gray hair. I spent much of the day in the bathroom trying to fathom what had happened. How I had gained at least ten years of age? All of a sudden an idea came to me that maybe if I looked into the other mirror I could see a younger version of myself. I felt excited for the first time in over twenty years. This could be the answer I was searching for. I did not want to change anything that I had done the night before so I did not dare to look at the mirrors again. I went downtown and distracted myself by going to bars and parks. I was more outgoing than usual, meeting a few people. However, I was careful not to talk to anyone in great detail. If I wanted to restart my life, no one could know who I was. As soon as I got home, I looked into the reverse mirror and sure enough, there was a reflective image of myself that looked slightly younger. I looked at the progression of images and saw an even younger version of myself. I kept looking until I found a person that looked roughly college age. I did not dare go past that. I did not want to do anything that I had not done the previous night. I went to bed in a hurry. I felt myself slowly fade into a dream and a deep sleep only to wake with with a burst of energy. I darted into the bathroom as quickly as I could and stood in front of the mirror, eyes closed. I had allowed myself to become very hopeful over this one phenomenon; if it did not work, I would be heartbroken. I looked slowly upon the first reflection I saw and I saw a different face. One that was energized, one that was hopeful, one that had potential, one that was young and one that was mine.

Accomplishing more than I had in my entire previous adult life, I quickly planned how to start a new life. I reported my own death, and cut my hair to change my appearance. I bought a fake ID that showed

myself as college age and enrolled in a community college. During the entire summer, I did not risk looking at the mirror for fear of changing my age. I purchased a new mirror and strategically placed it out of the range of all other mirrors so I could check my appearance without aging. At the start of the school year, I was determined to make friends, get an education and improve my life. I moved out of my house and into a dormitory, but I did not sell my house for fear of someone else stumbling upon my greatest secret. These college years were the greatest of my life, I had fun and made friends but also set myself up for the future determined not to waste this new life. Everything should have been perfect, however curiosity was silently tearing me apart. I wondered if the mirror could tell me how long I would live, if I looked far enough into the side that showed age. I fought back these urges telling myself that it did not matter, and only bad things would happen if I played with powers that I did not understand.

Meanwhile my life was looking up, I was dating a great girl and had a fantastic group of friends. I even took up a sport to get some exercise. By the end of senior year I was the valedictorian. Coming home from the graduation ceremony, I knew that I had a future. I got a job and bought an apartment, only to avoid my old house. As much as I had accomplished, I could not help but feel like I was destined for more. After all, I had cheated time, I had beaten what no one could escape, death. I became very successful and received many promotions that furthered my career. I was making money that I had earned myself instead of relying on inheritance. My life looked great on the surface, everything was going my way. The only problem was that I could never escape the fascination I had about the mirrors. It seemed that whenever I went within a few miles of my old home the mirrors called my name. The longer I ignored them, the more they called. Eventually they called all the time regardless of where I was. I went three more years without giving into temptation, but eventually I gave in. I had to see them one last time. The house had an eerie feel

to it, no one had been in the house for years, but it felt like I was not alone. I went to the bathroom and stared at the mirrors from the side on so I would not be in the reflection but the mirrors only called louder. I took a step towards them, they called louder... I took another step, louder... another step, LOUDER... one last step... silence. I noticed I was in the middle of the mirrors. I looked up and saw my normal self. Relieved, I looked at my reflection, staring with content at my young handsome face. As I stared my face began to change, I gradually looked older, my hair whiter, my skin became full of wrinkles. I tried to look away but I couldn't stop staring. My face finally rested on the face of an old man. Horrified, I attempted to not sleep that night so the change could not occur. However exhaustion and panic took their toll, my eyelids began to grow heavy, sleep suddenly seemed very appealing and after I while I gave in.

I woke up feeling brittle, and exhausted. I walked very slowly to the bathroom. I looked in the mirror. I no longer felt tired because rage and adrenaline possessed me. In the mirror was the face of an old man. In a fury, I grabbed a hammer and smashed the mirror in front of me to pieces. Satisfied, I looked into the other mirror hoping to see myself at a younger age. However, without the first mirror to reflect the reflection, the mirror did not work. Again, fury overtook me and I smashed the second mirror. The combined shards collected on the floor and I found it hard to breathe. I looked down and saw an image in the shards, I thought I had cheated death but I was wrong, horribly wrong. Death might not let you know its plan, but in the end, will always win. Time and Death my former victims, were now very much like the hammer I had just used, and I was the nail. I realized with my last breath that what I was staring at on the mirror shards, was my face and that image slowly faded

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Silenced
Delaney Coyne '19
Poetry

she played in the dirt and made mud pies
she'd run and laugh and play and be happy
and she'd come inside
and her mother would tell her that she couldn't get her skirt messy
so she'd have to stay in for the rest of the day
because "doesn't she want to be pretty?"

and now she is older.

She observes through diffident eyes as her brother makes mud pies
just as she once did.
And though it has been years,
her jaw becomes taut as he scampers in with irrevocably stained jeans.
His mother bends down and coos to him,
"Don't worry, change those pants, and go play."
And she can not help but recall
the incident with the skirt
all those years ago.

she sits in class
they're doing projects on the stars
(she hopes to be one eventually)
she has ideas for their group to get the big red a at the top of the paper
however the three boys say she's too "bossy" in their sneering nasal tones
and she thinks of how she's been told "everyone wants to be liked"

and she is silenced.

She watches in careful silence as the boys in the group take charge.
They steer the reins with less control than she is positive she could have,
but the teacher in her rigid, gray pencil skirt comes around and affirms that they were executing
"Such great work!" and how the boys were "Incredible young leaders."
And while she is glad for them,
she can not get the taste of rotten eggs out of her mouth
no matter how hard she's tried,
for she can not help but recall think that they're being
just a bit bossy as well.

she tugs on her skirt a bit
but she has grown taller over the course of the year
and her uniform skirt has not
her third period teacher sends her to the office so as that she is not a "distraction"
as if a 15-year-old's knees
should keep people from doing their algebra
she waits on the bench in the office for an hour

she misses math.

The next day, three boys whisper and propel crumpled paper across the room.
Her shoulder, at one point, falls in the line of fire, earning a stern
"Boys!"

from the teacher.

And while she is partially grateful for the advocacy from the teacher,
she cannot help but wonder,
why a short skirt was distracting but this was just fine.

But she grew up like this,
and not by choice.

Her world was dominated by clean skirts and being liked, by living to serve
just as she had learned to since her mother made her help clear the table
while the boys finished their conversations.

She grew up in silence
in a world where the duplication of her x chromosome
made her inherently but secretly less.



Pigment
Tyler Daniels '17
Greta Fieweger '17
Photography

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